

"He's here."

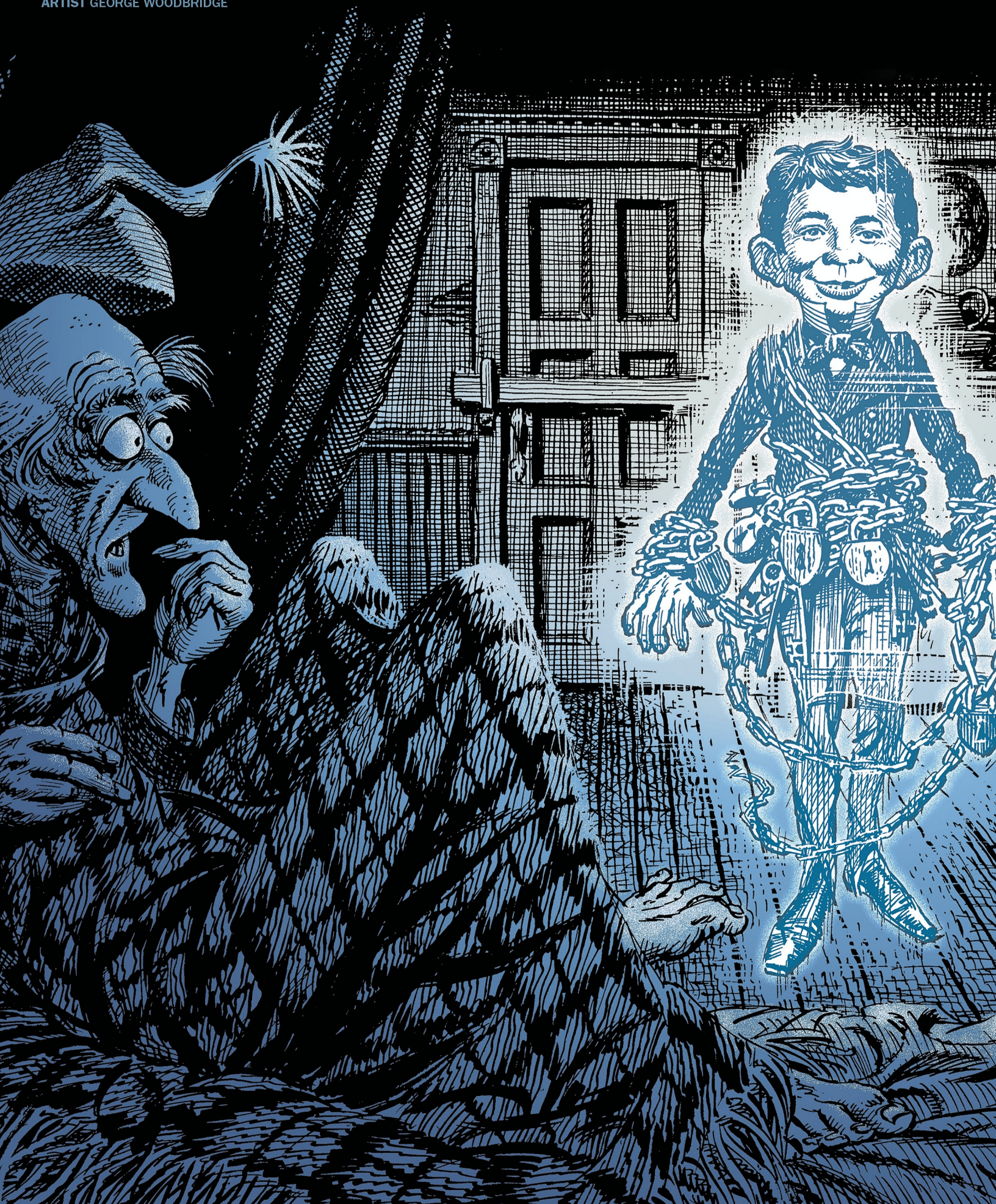


MAD

NO. 27
OCT 2022

THE PARA(ab)NORMAL ISSUE







SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 27

OCTOBER 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

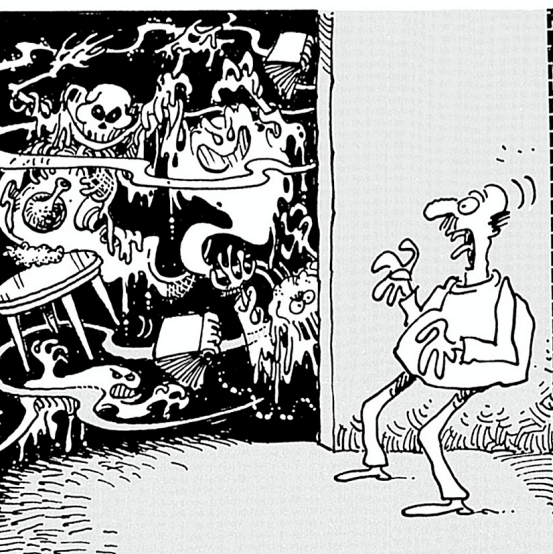
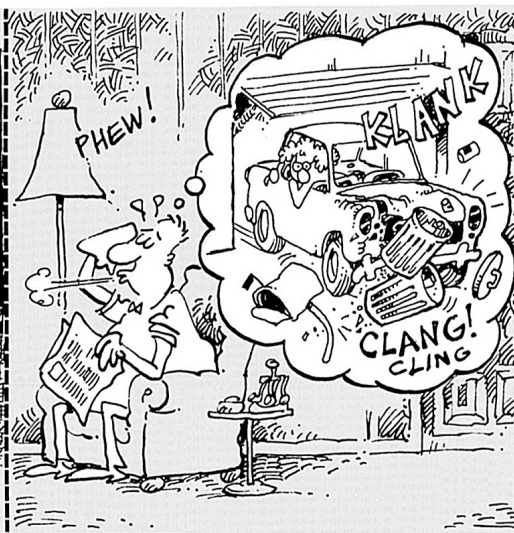
COVER ARTIST "Ghoulis" Gary Pullin

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

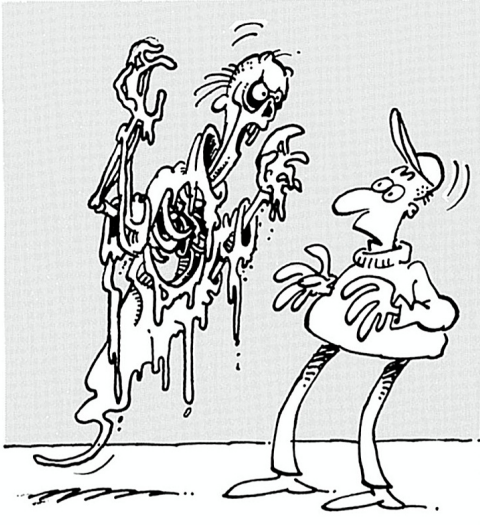
COMMENTS

A MAD LOOK AT

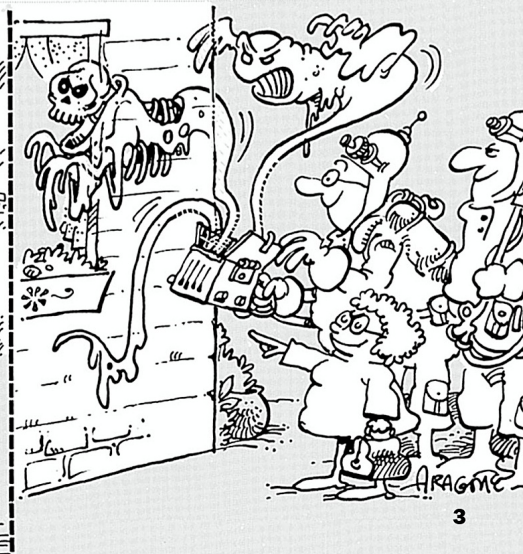
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



GHOSTS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #291, DEC 1989





This year's live-action Dumbo flopped right into the uncanny valley, but why stop there? Dizzy and Tim Burton, our favorite corporate-colossus and auteur-hack duo, have created a lineup of mutated material that will haunt your nightmares before and after Christmas...2029. The familiar sounds of "Danny Boy" Elfman's xylophone pipes are calling!

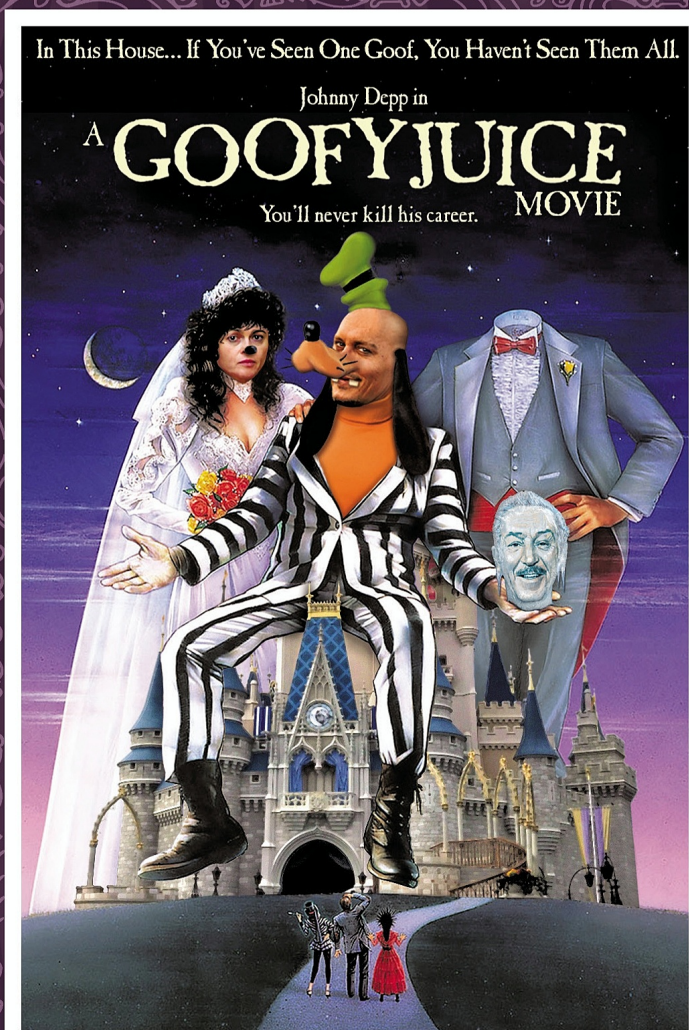
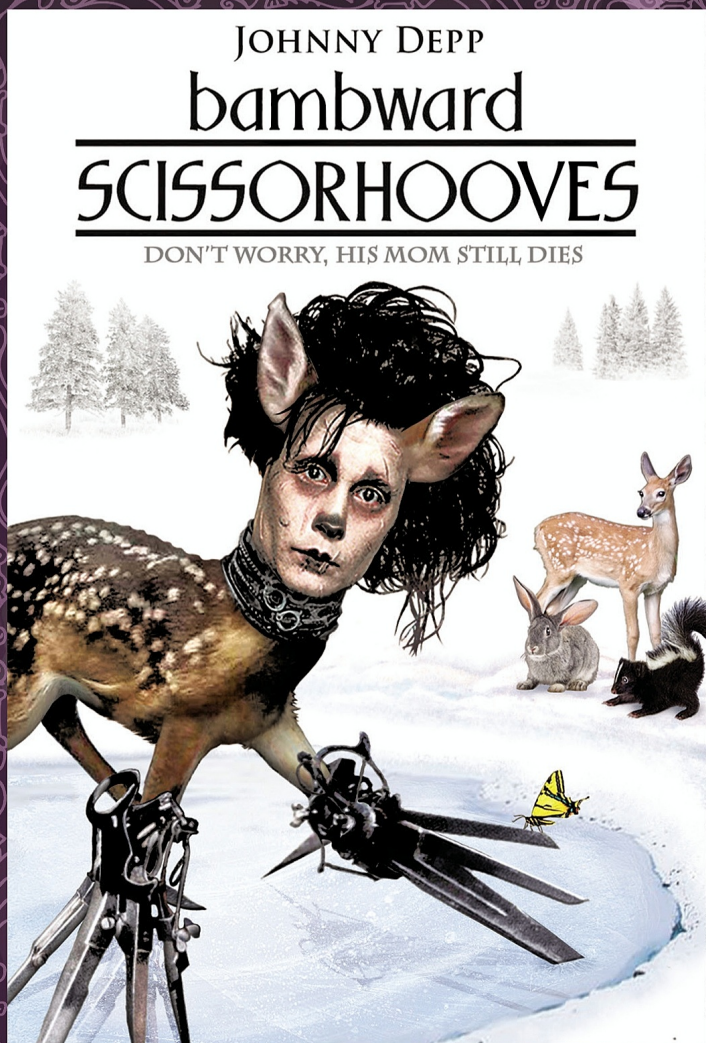
Tim Burton's

CGI HORRORS

FROM
THE

Dizzy VAULT

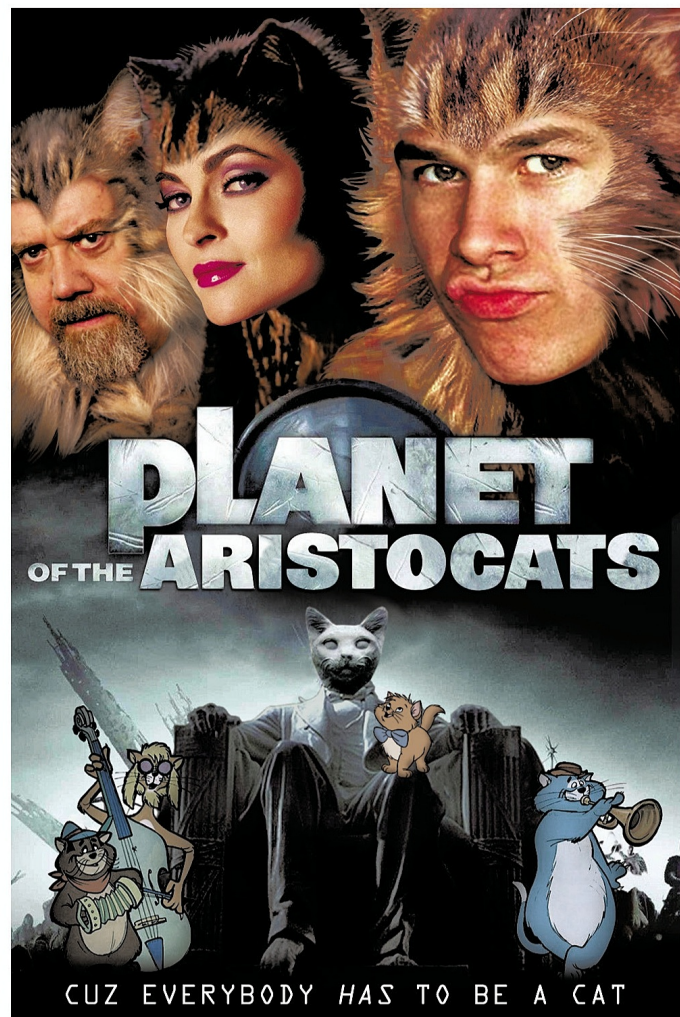
WRITER GRANT REED ARTIST MIKE LOEW



Becoming a real boy was his passion.
Jiminy was his inspiration.
Angora sweaters were his weakness.

Another TIM BURTON film

ED WOODEN NOSE



JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF THE HUNDRED-ACRE WOODS...

POOH RETURNS



A talented writer named Steven King once wrote a terrifying book called "The Shining." Now, a famous Director named Stanley Kubrick has made a movie out of it. Unfortunately, his film has given Mr. King's book, and all the other great horror films of the past, a black eye! Which is why we at MAD call our version:

THE



Mr. Ulpman, I'm Wack Torrents! I'm here about that position you're advertising!

Very good! You look like just the man for the job, Mr. Torrents!

I don't know! I've been getting bad vibes about the place! Like strange unspeakable things happen here!

HERE?! At the finest hotel in Colorado?! Where did you ever get those ridiculous feelings??

I guess it first started when I saw your ad in "The Transylvania Times"!

I tell you, Maria, there's something very weird about this hotel!!

But this is one of the oldest and most famous inns in the country! They say that George Washington slept here!

I know! But LAST NIGHT?!

No—no, Dr. Frankenstein! When I said, "Everybody fall out for BODY BUILDING!" I meant...

Hello, Room Service...? Send up a cup of tea, a prune Danish, today's paper... and an EXORCIST!!

Boy... when they check out of this place, THEY CHECK OUT!!

SHINER



WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **ANGELO TORRES**





We're gonna have a great time at the hotel, right, Boney...?

Right, Dinny!

Windy, I'm a little concerned about that kid! Has he ALWAYS been having those idiotic conversations with his Index Finger?

Not always! Just since YESTERDAY, when he had a fight with his PINKY!

Whew! For a while there, I was really worried!

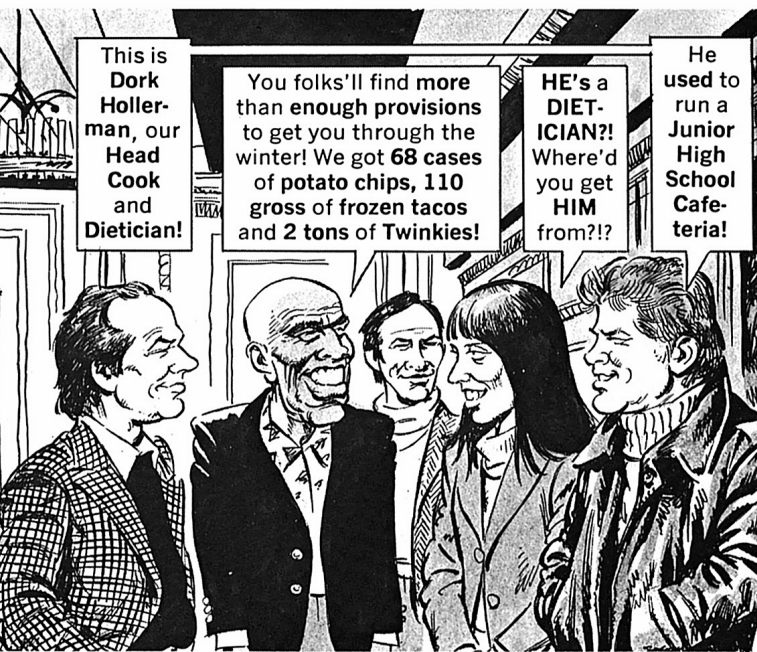
LET YOUR FINGER DO THE TALKING!!



Hi, folks! You're just in time! We're closing up right now! Remember, I'm leaving \$50 million worth of property in your hands...!

Who'd believe that anyone would entrust a magnificent hotel to a demented writer with a boring, ugly wife, and a kid who talks to his finger?

The same people who'd believe that a hotel in Colorado would close in winter—and miss the SKI season!

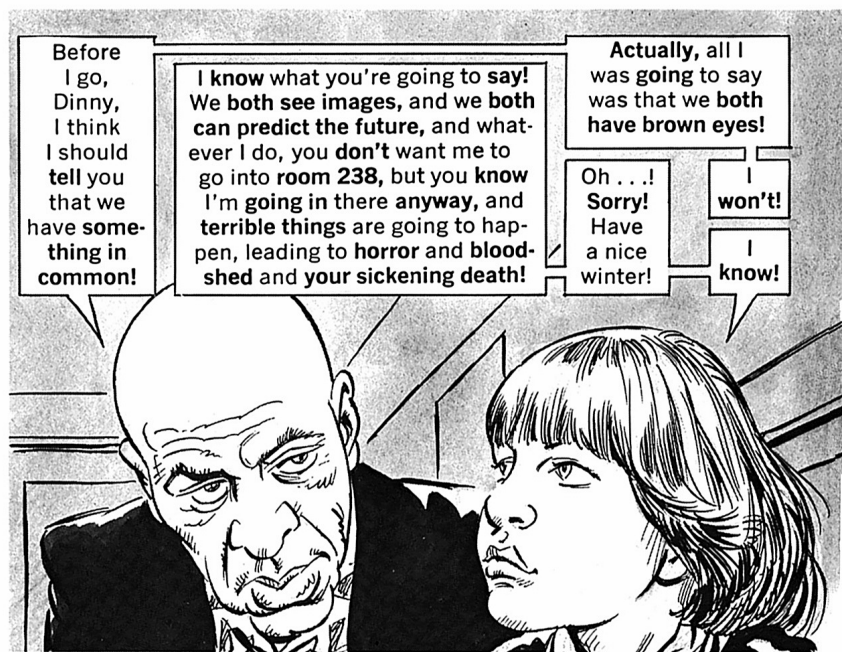


This is Dork Hollerman, our Head Cook and Dietician!

You folks'll find more than enough provisions to get you through the winter! We got 68 cases of potato chips, 110 gross of frozen tacos and 2 tons of Twinkies!

HE's a DIET-ICIAN?! Where'd you get HIM from?!?

He used to run a Junior High School Cafeteria!



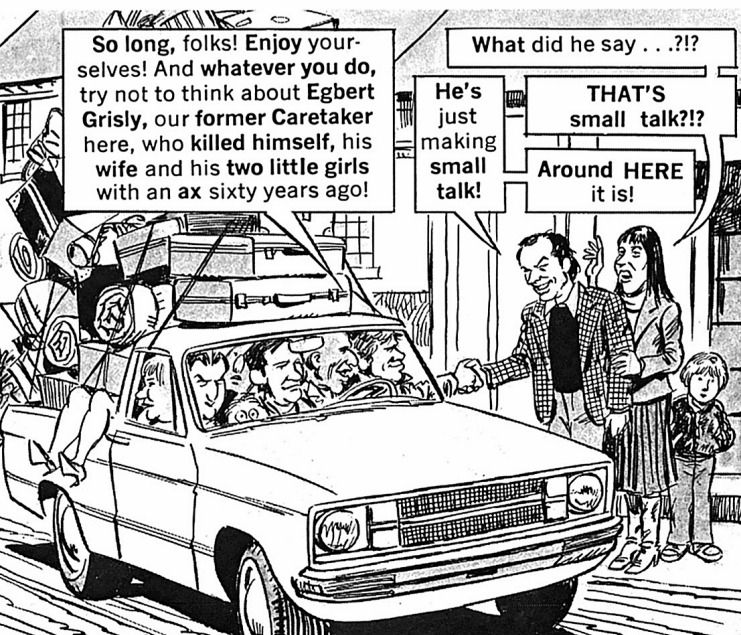
Before I go, Dinny, I think I should tell you that we have something in common!

I know what you're going to say! We both see images, and we both can predict the future, and whatever I do, you don't want me to go into room 238, but you know I'm going in there anyway, and terrible things are going to happen, leading to horror and bloodshed and your sickening death!

Actually, all I was going to say was that we both have brown eyes!

Oh...! Sorry! Have a nice winter!

I won't! I know!



So long, folks! Enjoy yourselves! And whatever you do, try not to think about Egbert Grisly, our former Caretaker here, who killed himself, his wife and his two little girls with an ax sixty years ago!

What did he say...?!

He's just making small talk!

THAT'S small talk?!?

Around HERE it is!



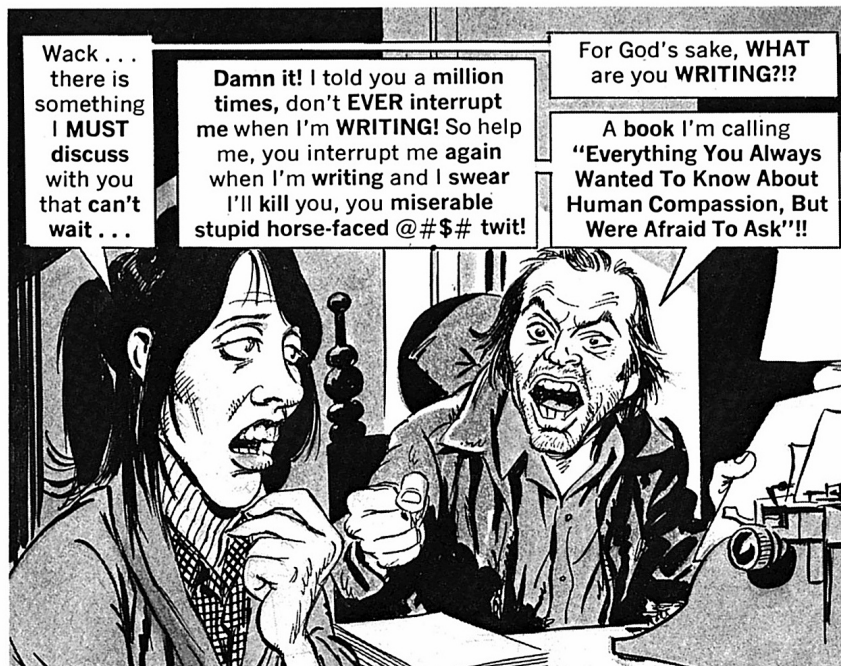
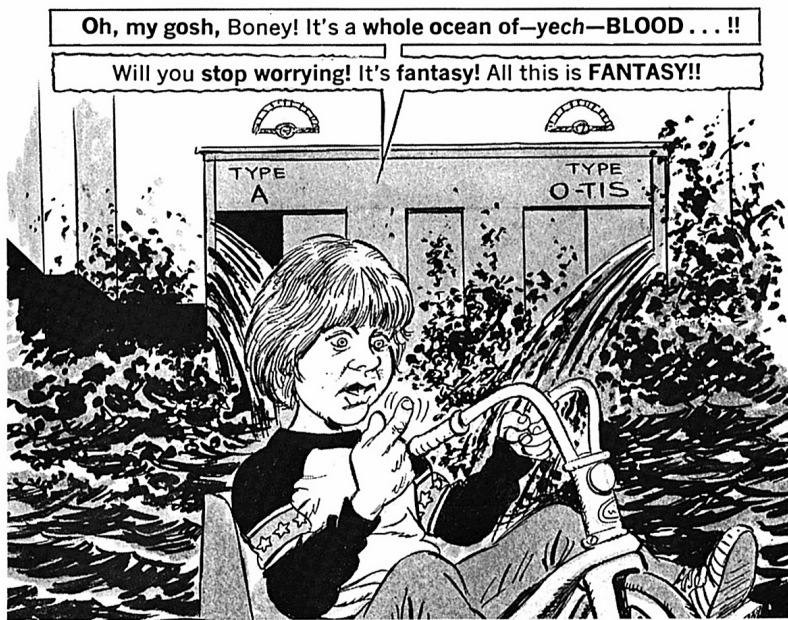
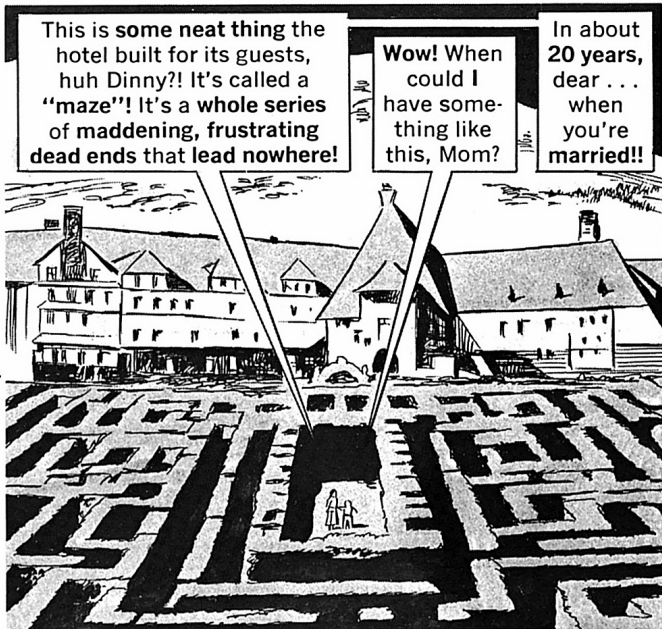
We've been here a month, and things are great! I'm writing a new book, you and Dinny are keeping busy, and we've got the run of the whole hotel!

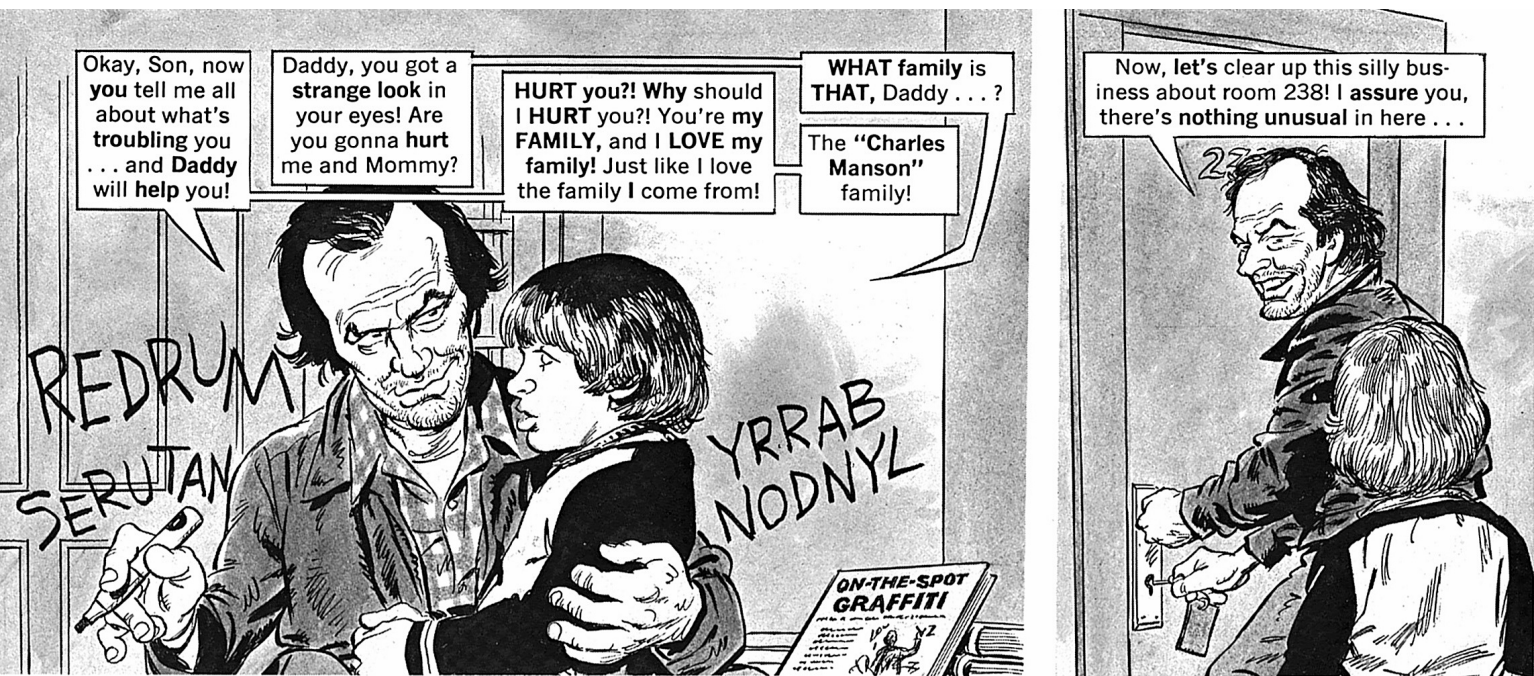
Wack... do you realize we haven't SLEPT TOGETHER since we've been here?!

Yeah! I was looking for you in room 607 last night! Where were you??

In room 693!

Well, at least I'm on the right floor now! Hang in there! I should catch up with you some time in February!





Okay, Son, now you tell me all about what's troubling you ... and Daddy will help you!

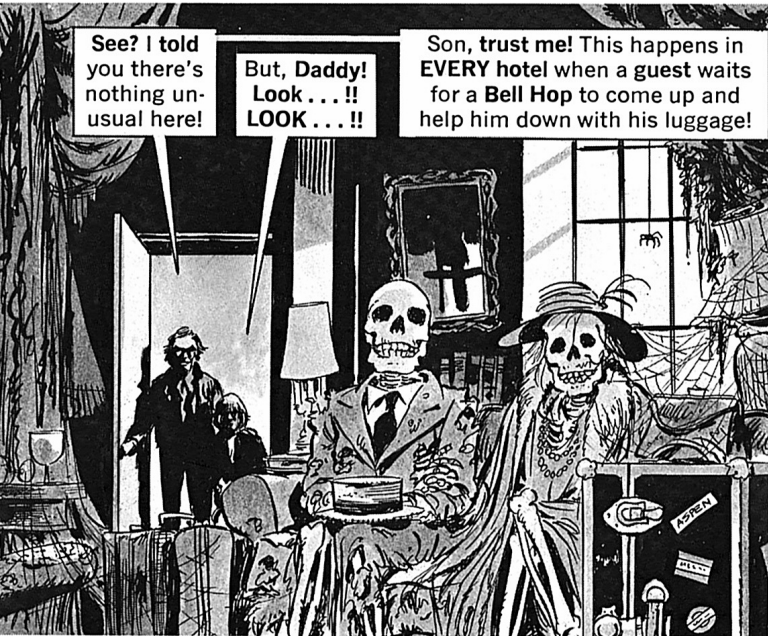
Daddy, you got a strange look in your eyes! Are you gonna hurt me and Mommy?

HURT you?! Why should I HURT you?! You're my FAMILY, and I LOVE my family! Just like I love the family I come from!

WHAT family is THAT, Daddy ... ?

The "Charles Manson" family!

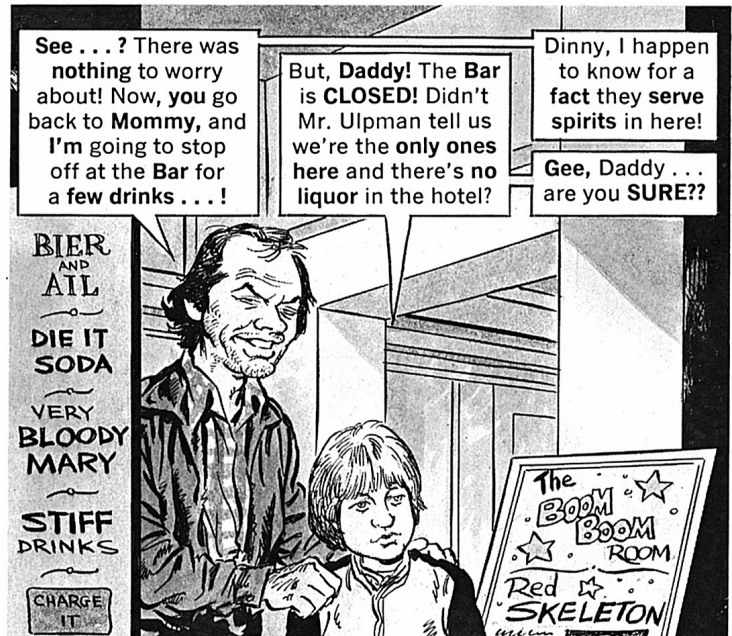
Now, let's clear up this silly business about room 238! I assure you, there's nothing unusual in here ...



See? I told you there's nothing unusual here!

But, Daddy! Look ... !! LOOK ... !!

Son, trust me! This happens in EVERY hotel when a guest waits for a Bell Hop to come up and help him down with his luggage!



See ... ? There was nothing to worry about! Now, you go back to Mommy, and I'm going to stop off at the Bar for a few drinks ... !

But, Daddy! The Bar is CLOSED! Didn't Mr. Ulpman tell us we're the only ones here and there's no liquor in the hotel?

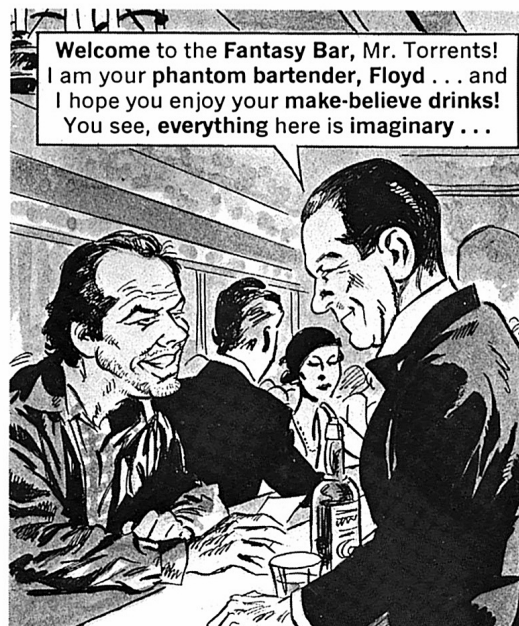
Dinny, I happen to know for a fact they serve spirits in here!

Gee, Daddy ... are you SURE??

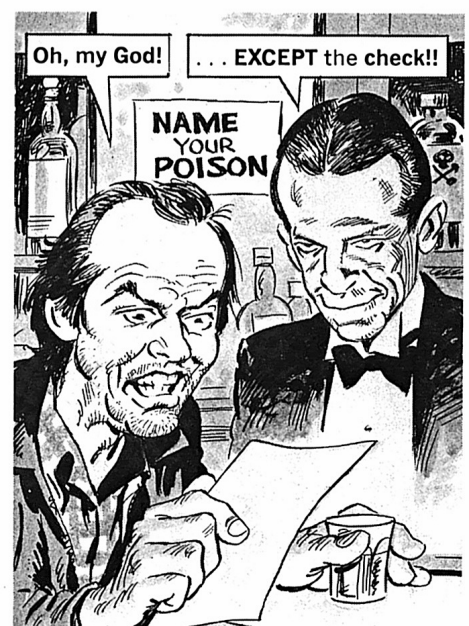


Shweet Ad-oh-line! My Ad-oh-line ... !!

Son, trust me again!!



Welcome to the Fantasy Bar, Mr. Torrents! I am your phantom bartender, Floyd ... and I hope you enjoy your make-believe drinks! You see, everything here is imaginary ...



Oh, my God!

... EXCEPT the check!!

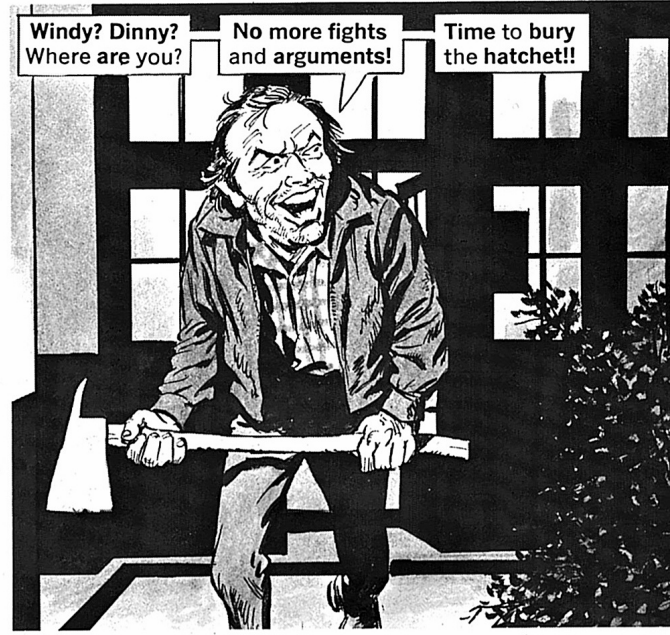


Good evening, Mr. Torrents! I am Egbert Grisly, the former Care-taker here!!

YOU'RE the guy who killed his wife and two kids with an ax 60 years ago!! How could you **DO** such a vile —yecch—disgusting thing?

Yeah . . . ! They **TOLD** me that I would rot in **Hell!!!**

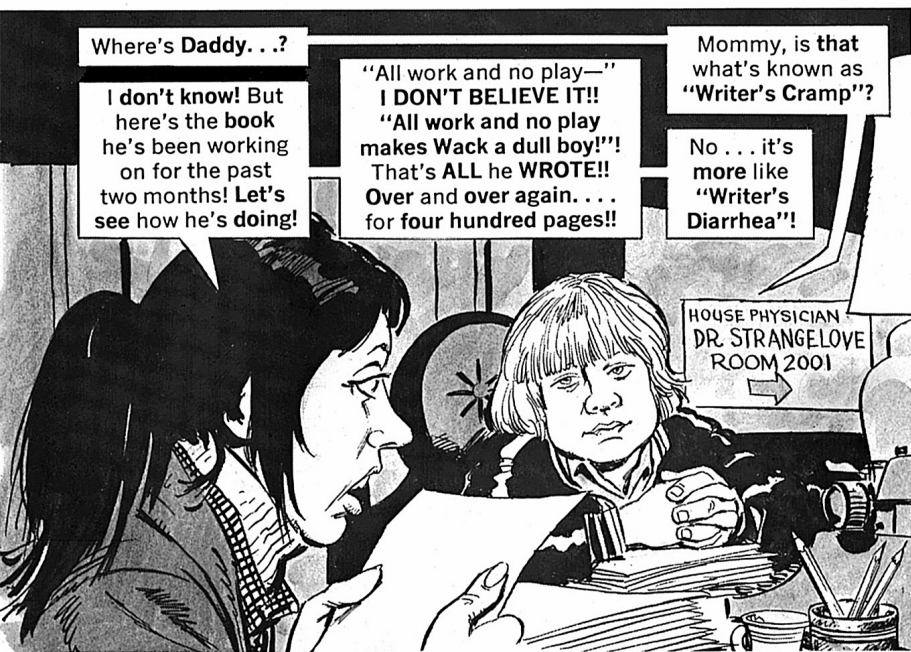
Well, I'm glad you learned your less— Wait a minute!! You mean **THIS** place is **HELL?!!**



Windy? Dinny? Where are you?

No more fights and arguments!

Time to bury the hatchet!!



Where's Daddy . . . ?

I don't know! But here's the book he's been working on for the past two months! Let's see how he's doing!

"All work and no play—" **I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!** "All work and no play makes Wack a dull boy!!" That's **ALL** he **WROTE!!** Over and over again. . . for four hundred pages!!

Mommy, is that what's known as "Writer's Cramp"?

No . . . it's more like "Writer's Diarrhea"!!

HOUSE PHYSICIAN
DR. STRANGELOVE
ROOM 2001



Mommy!! Why is Daddy coming at us with an **AX?!!**

I don't think he **LIKES** us any more, Dinny!

Well, can't he just get a **DIVORCE?!!**

No, dear . . . that's impossible! He's **CATHOLIC!** You run! I'll handle him!!



I keep missing! What lousy luck! of all the Baseball Bats in the world, I had to get stuck with a **MARV THRONEBERRY** model!!



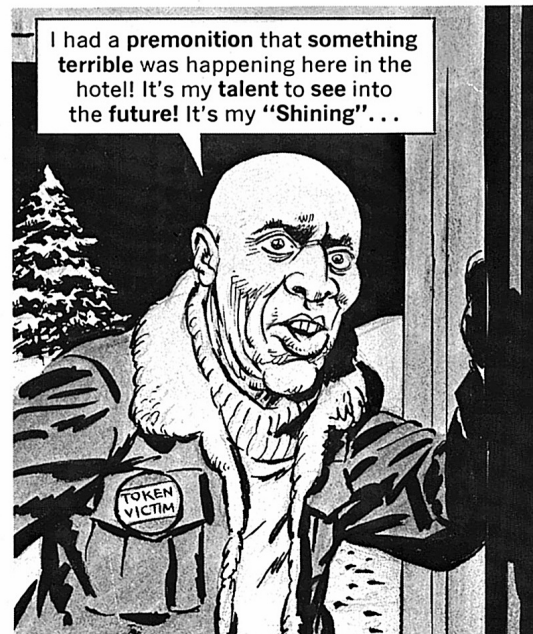
Come back, you two!! Daddy wants to **KILL YOU!!** Heh-heh! Giggle! Snort-snort!

Are you sure he won an Academy Award a few years back . . . ?

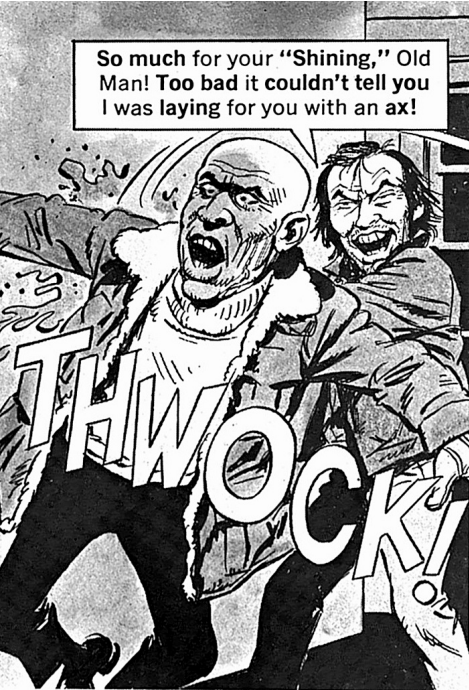
Remember a movie called "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest"?

I—I think so . . . !

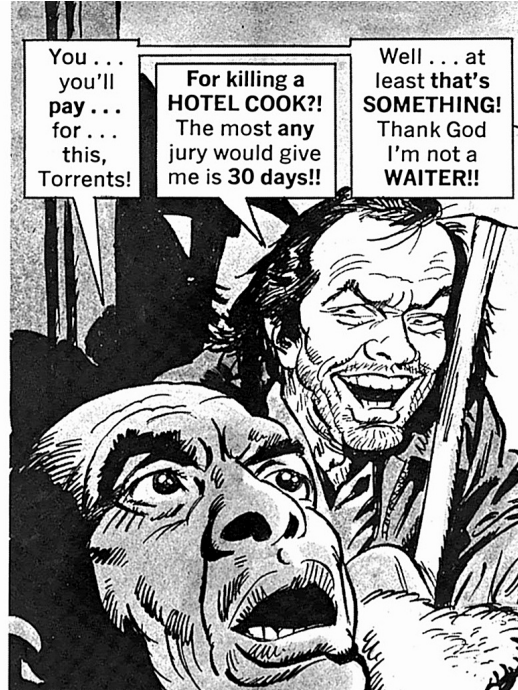
Well, he's **STILL FLYING!!**



I had a premonition that something terrible was happening here in the hotel! It's my talent to see into the future! It's my "**Shining**". . .



So much for your "Shining," Old Man! Too bad it couldn't tell you I was laying for you with an ax!



You ... you'll pay ... for ... this, Torrents!

For killing a **HOTEL COOK**?! The most any jury would give me is **30 days**!!

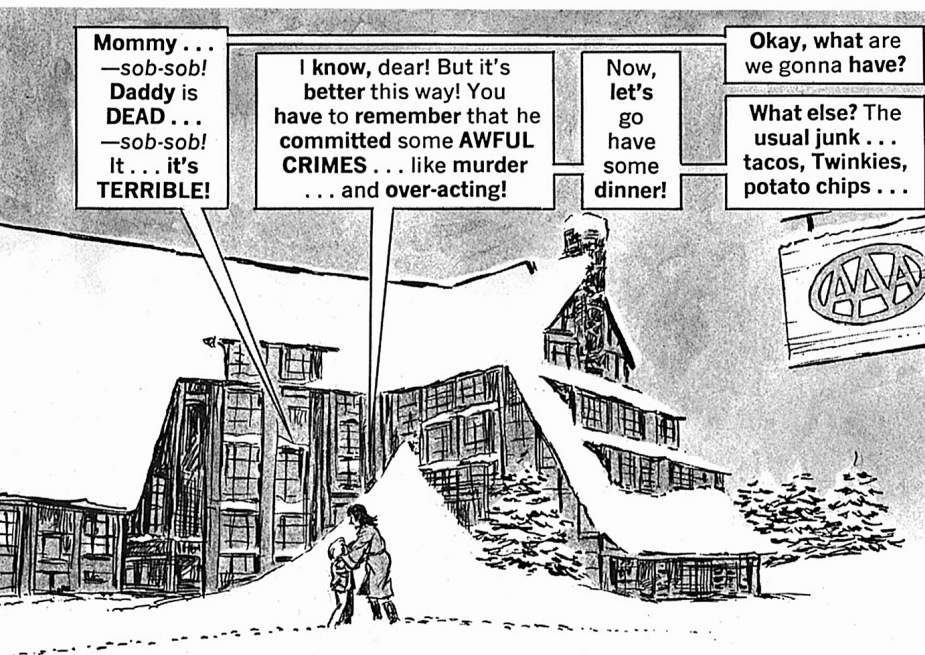
Well ... at least that's **SOMETHING**! Thank God I'm not a **WAITER**!!



Come back, Dinny! You have been a **naughty boy**, and Daddy has to punish you ... !!

Can't you just send me to bed without supper—like other Fathers?!

But you **KNOW** what we eat around here! That wouldn't be a punishment! That would be a **REWARD**!!!



Mommy ... —sob-sob! Daddy is **DEAD** ... —sob-sob! It ... it's **TERRIBLE**!

I know, dear! But it's better this way! You have to remember that he committed some **AWFUL CRIMES** ... like murder ... and over-acting!

Now, let's go have some dinner!

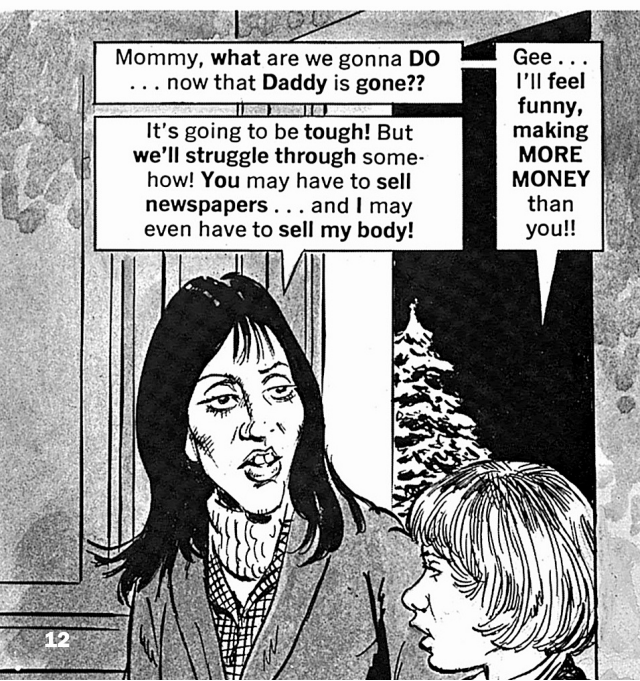
Okay, what are we gonna have?

What else? The usual junk ... **tacos, Twinkies, potato chips** ...



Wait a minute! That reminds me ... !! In the freezer! There **IS** a piece of **FROZEN HAM**!

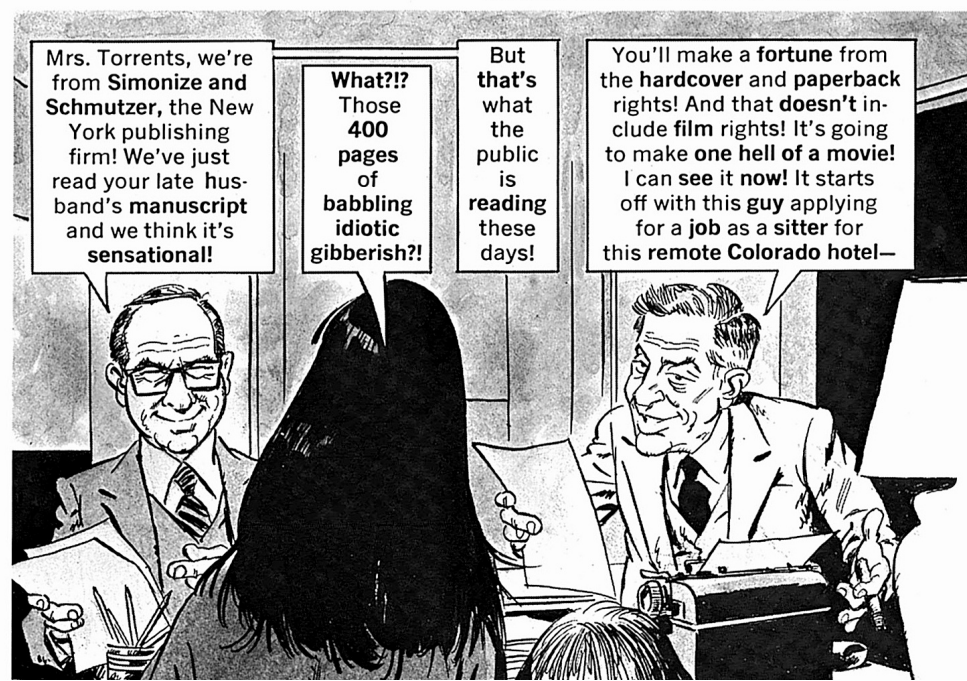
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #221, MAR 1981



Mommy, what are we gonna **DO** ... now that **Daddy** is gone??

It's going to be tough! But we'll struggle through somehow! You may have to sell newspapers ... and I may even have to sell my body!

Gee ... I'll feel funny, making **MORE MONEY** than you!!



Mrs. Torrents, we're from Simonize and Schmutzer, the New York publishing firm! We've just read your late husband's manuscript and we think it's **sensational**!

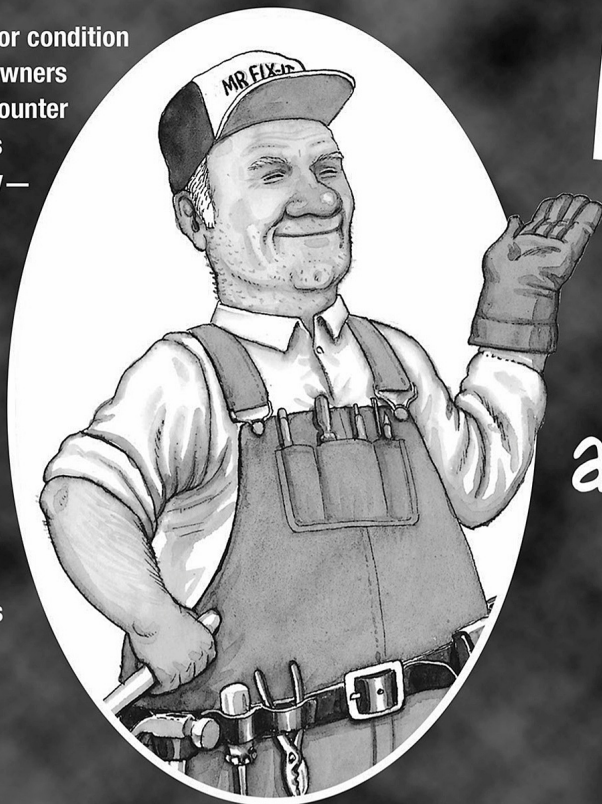
What?!! Those **400** pages of **babbling idiotic gibberish**?!

But that's what the public is reading these days!

You'll make a fortune from the **hardcover** and **paperback** rights! And that **doesn't** include film rights! It's going to make one hell of a movie! I can see it now! It starts off with this guy applying for a job as a **sitter** for this remote **Colorado** hotel—



Whatever the age or condition of a house, homeowners will inevitably encounter common problems with their property—things like demon possession, walls dripping blood and dry rot. (Damn that dry rot!) We invite stumped do-it-yourselfers to turn off the House and Garden Channel and submit your questions to our expert...



MR. FIX-IT

Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

WRITER P.C. VEY ARTIST JAMES WARHOLA

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My wife and I are planning to paint the interior of our home. It's a simple job with only one major problem that I can foresee. We keep my grandmother, who is possessed by demons, in one of the upstairs bedrooms. The furniture and my grandmother are constantly flying all over the room, banging into the walls and making a real racket. Also, she constantly spits up all kinds of smelly snot and pus leaving an awful residue on the walls and ceiling. Is there a safe way to paint in such an environment? If so, do you think two coats will be enough? I have enclosed a picture of the smelly snot and pus.

Signed,

Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus



Dear Covered in Smelly Snot and Pus —

Two coats of paint is definitely not enough. Always start with a primer, an undercoat, then two additional coats. In your case I think an oil base paint will have more durability and resist the bodily secretions and potential scuff marks from flying furniture you describe. You are wise to be concerned with safety, as should anyone tackling a home improvement project. You should wear an industrial grade hard hat that meets OSHA requirements. A good pair of ear protectors with a noise reduction rating (NRR) of at least 20 will help drown out most of the ungodly noises and racket. In this situation, you may also want to wear a large Crucifix, especially when working on a ladder.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*



Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My summer house is built over an ancient Indian burial ground. I can put up with the occasional wobbling staircase, moving furniture and nightly wailing of the desecrated spirits, but recently a thick, black, foul-smelling substance has been oozing up through my drains and out of the faucets. You can imagine how hard it is to use the kitchen or bathroom. I've had to cancel several dinner parties as a result. To top it off, the local repair people are all Native Americans and refuse to help me fix the problem. Please find enclosed a snapshot of some of the sludge. I've collected it in one of our wine glasses so as not to have it appear as disgusting as it really is.

Signed, *Baffled in the Country*

Dear Baffled in the Country —

Yours is a common problem. Have a sample of the sludge checked to see if it is merely a backed-up septic tank or the decomposed, violated remains of once-proud indigenous peoples. If it is a septic backup, calling a professional septic tank cleaning service is your easiest solution. Come to think of it, if the sludge is Indian remains, call in the septic tank cleaning service too. That's your name on the deed and you can do with your property whatever you want.

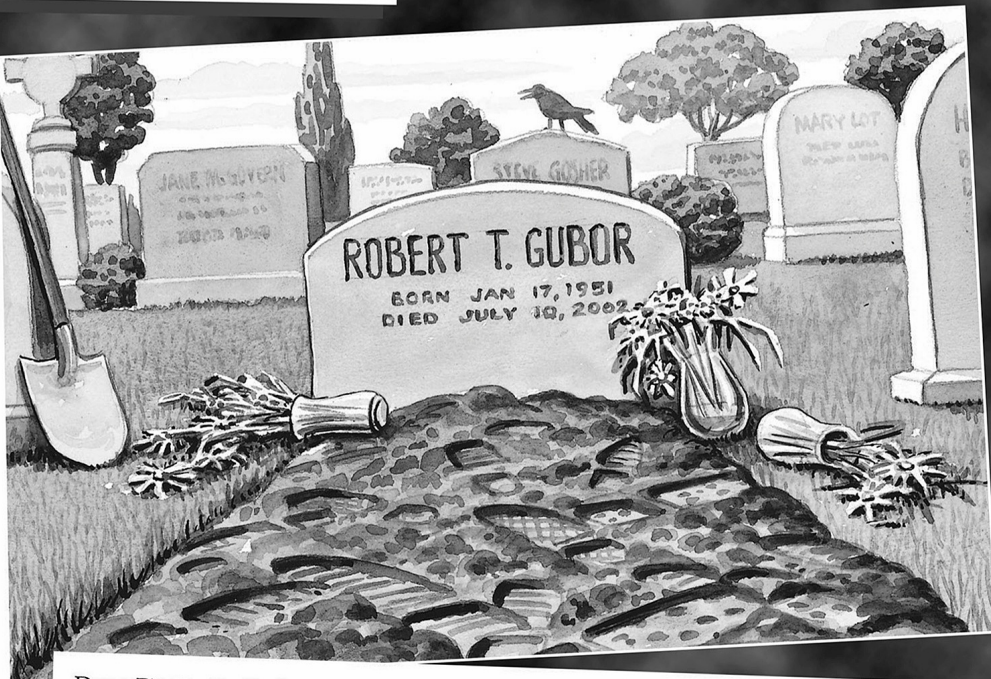
All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*



Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I recently volunteered the use of my brand new home for a séance with some close friends. Halfway through the proceeding, we actually made contact with the deceased husband of one of the women there. Somehow he knew I had been boinking his wife while his body was still warm in the grave. Well, this guy went medieval all over my recently refinished hardwood floors. He left scrapes, scratches, gouges and some kind of burn marks that smell like sulfur. I don't know how he could do so much damage, since he was barely there being from the spirit world and all. You could see right through him, for Christ's sake! Anyway, the estimate for repair and refinishing was through the roof, which is where my blood pressure is quickly going. Is there a cheap and easy way I can do the job myself? I've enclosed a picture of the guy's grave just to show you he's really dead.

Signed, *Fit To Be Refinished*



Dear Fit To Be Refinished —

Never do things the cheap and easy way. But if you must, a sanding machine can be easily rented at any large hardware or home supply store. Sand with rough (#8), then medium (#12), then fine grit (#15) pads in that order. There should be no problems except for one: rented sanding machines are easily possessed by the spirits of irate dead husbands, or at least behave that way. Make sure whomever conducted the séance properly banished the spirit from your premises, and allow for adequate ventilation in the sanding area. If you plan on having more séances there, consider carpeting.

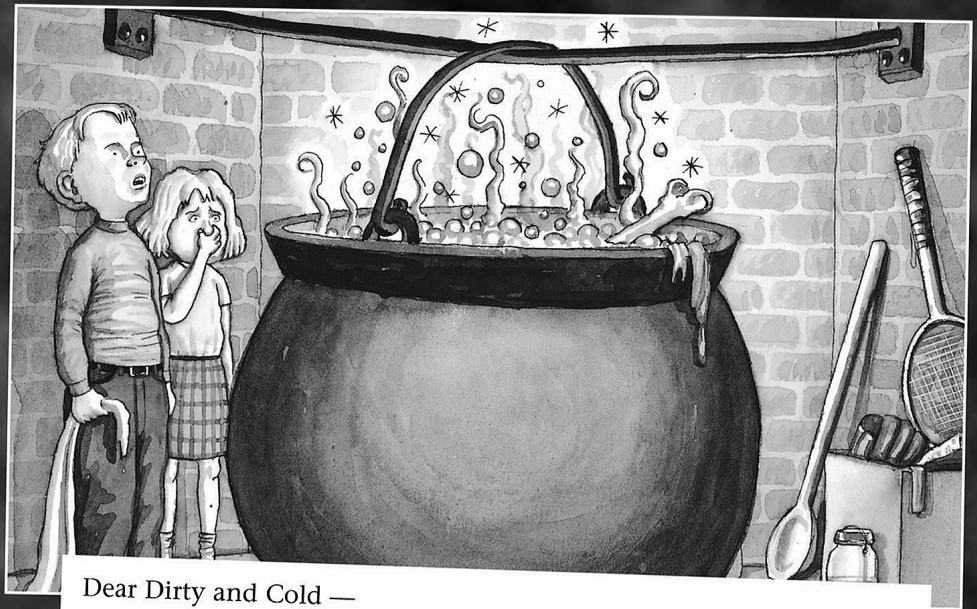
All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

MR. FIX-IT Tackles your Occult and Paranormal Home Repair Problems

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

It was only after I had closed on my house and moved in that I discovered the hot water heater only works on the witches' sabbath. Since, I'm told, there's only a few of them a year, I fear I might have a lifetime of very few showers and dishwashing opportunities. I'm not particularly concerned about the showers, but my dishes were inherited from my mother and have great sentimental value. I just hate to see them gather so much crusty old food. Is there a way to coax the witches to come to my basement more frequently? I've enclosed a photo of the hot water heater.

Signed, *Dirty and Cold*



Dear Dirty and Cold —

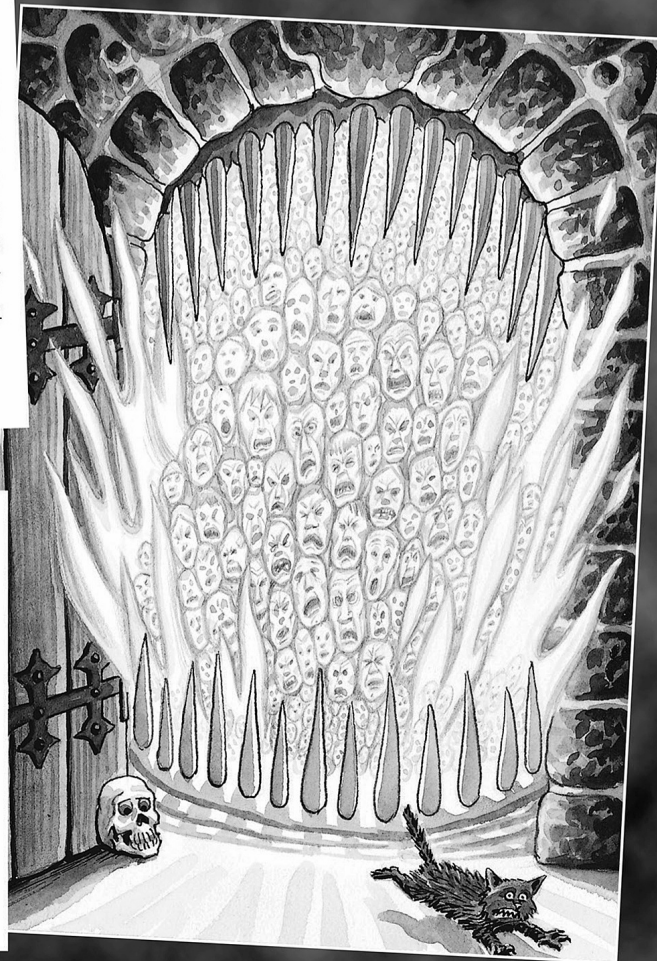
Your photo indicates that what you have there is a good old-fashioned cauldron and not a hot water heater at all. I'm guessing you're a first-time homeowner. These days cauldrons are hard to come by and yours looks like it's 100% cast iron. The proper care and maintenance of a cauldron is very time consuming and expensive and could be dangerous if you don't know what you're doing. I suggest you take it to Sears to their Wiccan-goods department and trade it in for a 45 gallon electric water heater — one that isn't filled with newt's eyes and bat's blood. Sears was doing that for a while until the FTC cracked down.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

While repairing some water damage in the basement I found what appeared to be the doorway to Hell. At first I thought it was a door to a root cellar or something, but when I opened the thing...well, you wouldn't believe it! I came face to face with all the pain and suffering of the eternally damned; weeping and gnashing of teeth, a burning agony like I've never seen in my entire life. I'd like to know if there's any way of harnessing some of that energy and directing it into my home heating system? If I can do this I think I might be able to save a bundle on fuel costs this winter. I've enclosed a photo of the door.

Signed, *Soon To Be Toasty Warm*



Dear Soon To Be Toasty Warm —

In this era of soaring energy costs and a growing conservation movement, yours is an excellent idea. If you have central heating, the answer may be as simple as running a flexible aluminum heating duct from your newly-found Portal to Hades directly into your system's heat exchanger where it can flow to the vents located throughout your home. If your system is electrically-fired, a solar panel could conceivably convert the energy from the flames licking at the flesh of the everlastingly tormented souls into a virtually inexhaustible supply of usable current. By the way, I think the government offers some substantial tax breaks for those who not only save energy, but use alternative energy sources wisely.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*



Dear Mr. Fix-It —

I think my house might be alive. I can't tell for sure, but whenever I hammer a nail into the wall, I hear a moaning sound or sometimes a whimper. Can this be possible? I've sent along a photo of the house taken last spring after a new paint job.

Signed, Scared Property Owner

Dear Scared Property Owner —

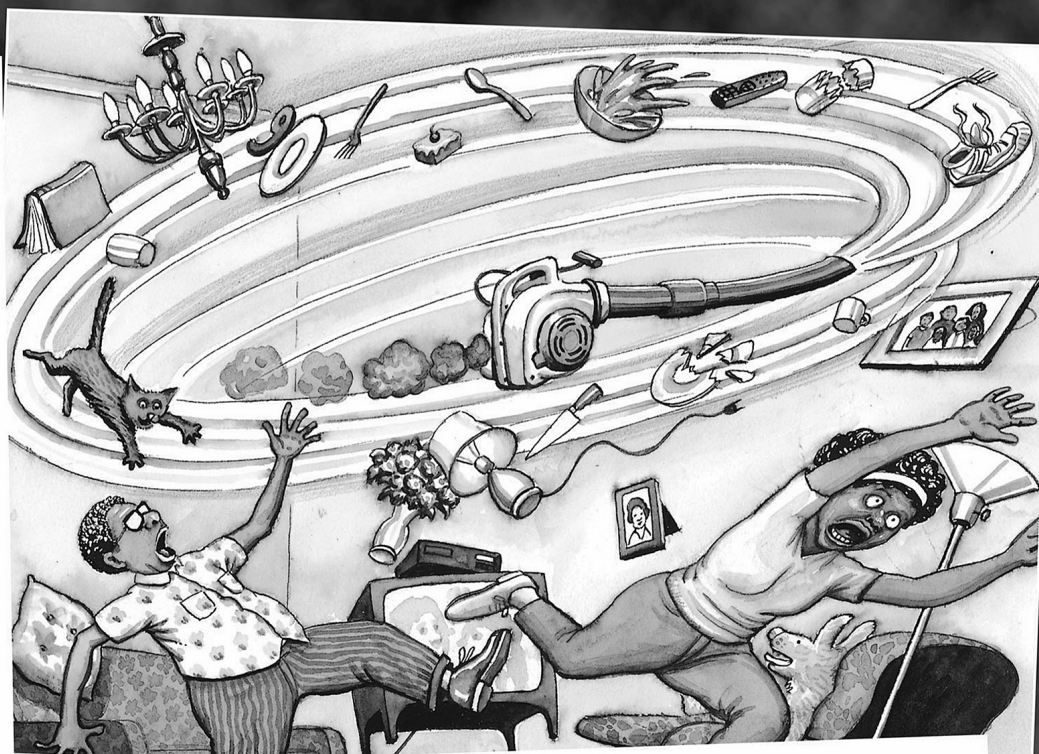
One sure way to tell if your house is alive is to plant a series of plastic explosives at all the major supporting beams and then set them off. If you hear a real loud yell, then your house was alive. If you decide to rebuild, I suggest you use lumber pressure treated with chromated copper arsenate, as nothing can live through the treating process. But just to make sure, drill holes into all the tender joints. If you hear no complaints, simply fill the holes with construction grade wood putty, let dry, then sand as necessary.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

Dear Mr. Fix-It —

My leaf blower is haunted by the ghost of its previous owner. Since I live in an apartment in the middle of a large city, one would think I have no need for a leaf blower, which is true, but it's haunted nonetheless. Whenever I flip the "on" switch a light flashes on the side panel. I'm sure this is being done by the specter of the previous owner because his widow, who I bought the thing from, told me he died as a result of leaf inhalation. So who else could be haunting it? Two more signs it's haunted: besides making an ear-shattering noise when in use, it also flies around the room knocking over and breaking things. Enclosed find a Polaroid of my leaf-free apartment.

Signed, *Leafless*



Dear Leafless—

Have you checked the manual? Sometimes a flashing light indicates the leaf blower is "on," which may explain why it only happens when you turn the unit "on." Placing the blower in a magic circle composed of dirty, dry, dead leaves may eliminate the phantom apparition, but I assure you, this being a leaf blower, the ear-shattering noise and flying around the room will continue.

All The Best, *Mr. Fix-It*

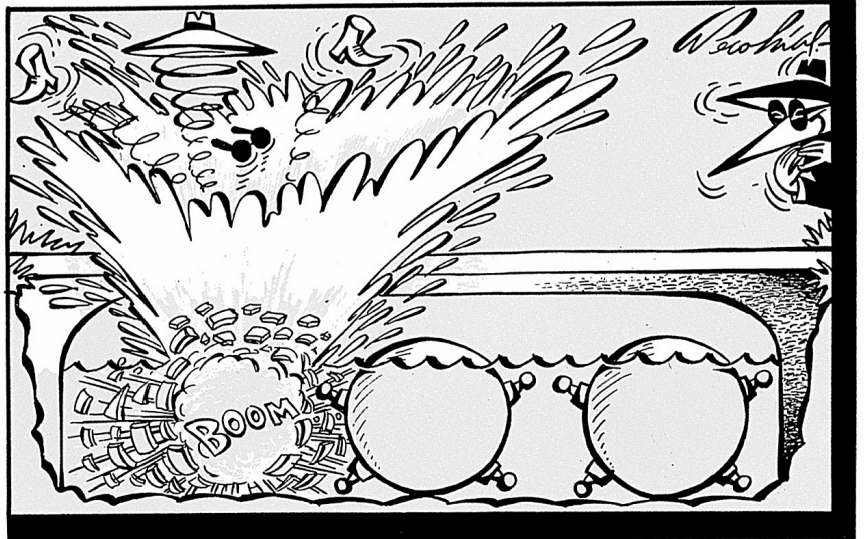
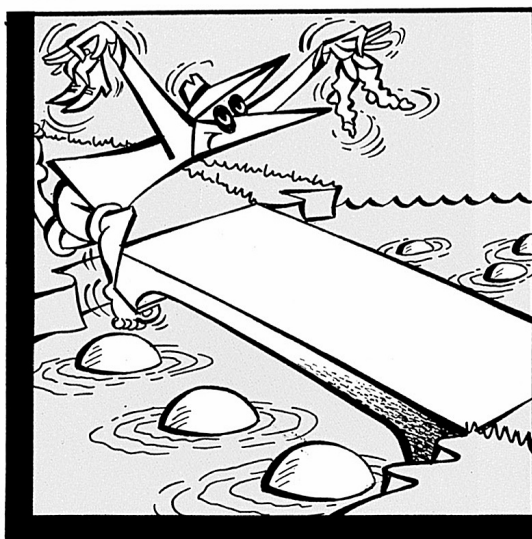
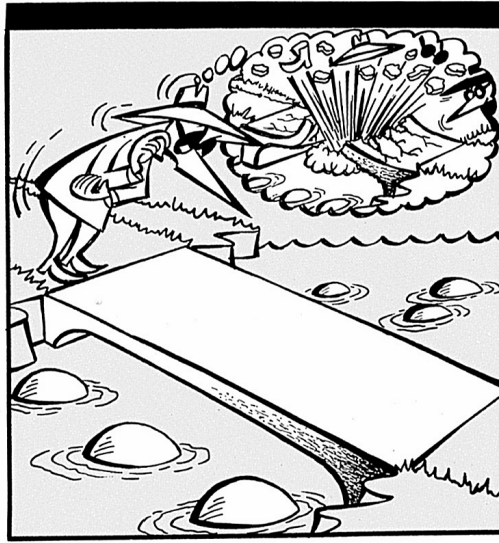
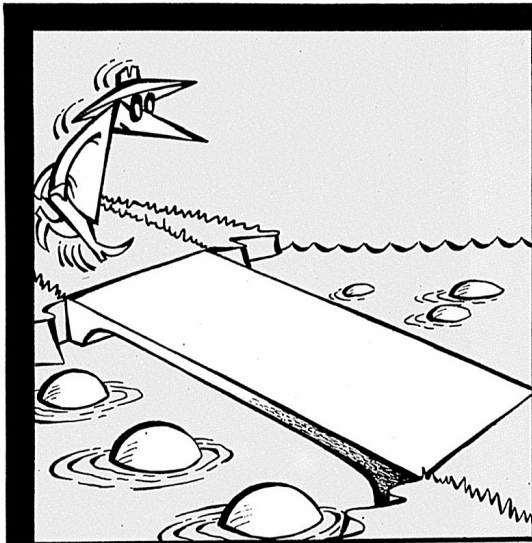
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #419 (JUL 2002)





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ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #92, JAN 1965

WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS





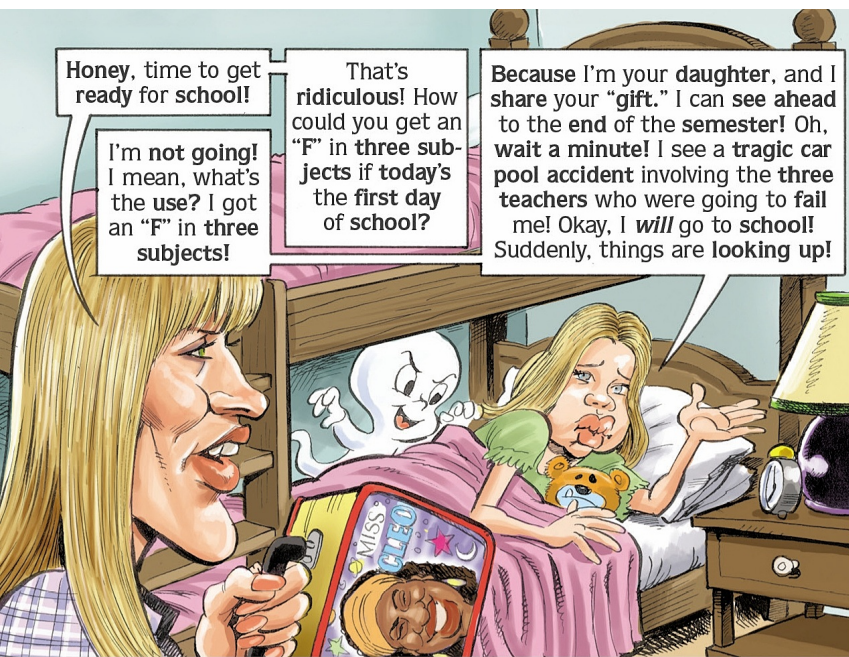
What if *you* could see into the future? What if *you* had the same gift of clairvoyance that's been bestowed on the housewife, and even her children, in a new NBC series? You would be lucky indeed, because then you would know instinctively *not to watch*, because it's pure...

T E D I U M



What a dream! You were dressed as a circus clown and every time I tried to ask you a serious question, you shot seltzer in my face! The kids took on the body of an octopus and were squeezing the life out of me! And D.A. Devious, my boss, was hurling sharp knives and trying to stab me in the back! All I can say is "Yes! I finally had a *fun* dream! One that I don't have to examine every little detail of to see if there was some hidden psychological meaning!"

Here's something else you don't have to examine too deeply for hidden psychological meaning! If you keep me up one more night with your screaming and rantings about cockamamie dreams with murders and dead people talking to you, I'm going to hit you in the face with something — and it ain't gonna be a shot of seltzer!

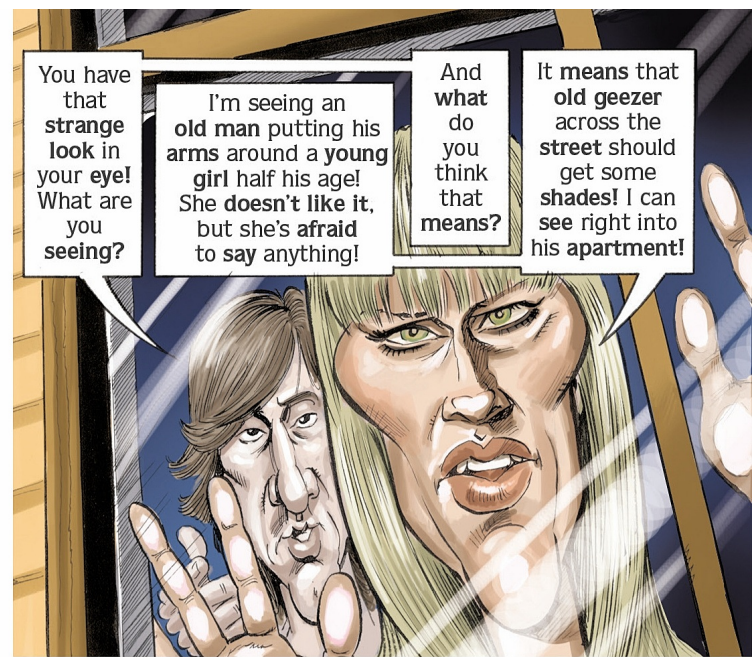


Honey, time to get ready for school!

I'm not going! I mean, what's the use? I got an "F" in three subjects!

That's ridiculous! How could you get an "F" in three subjects if today's the first day of school?

Because I'm your daughter, and I share your "gift." I can see ahead to the end of the semester! Oh, wait a minute! I see a tragic car pool accident involving the three teachers who were going to fail me! Okay, I *will* go to school! Suddenly, things are looking up!

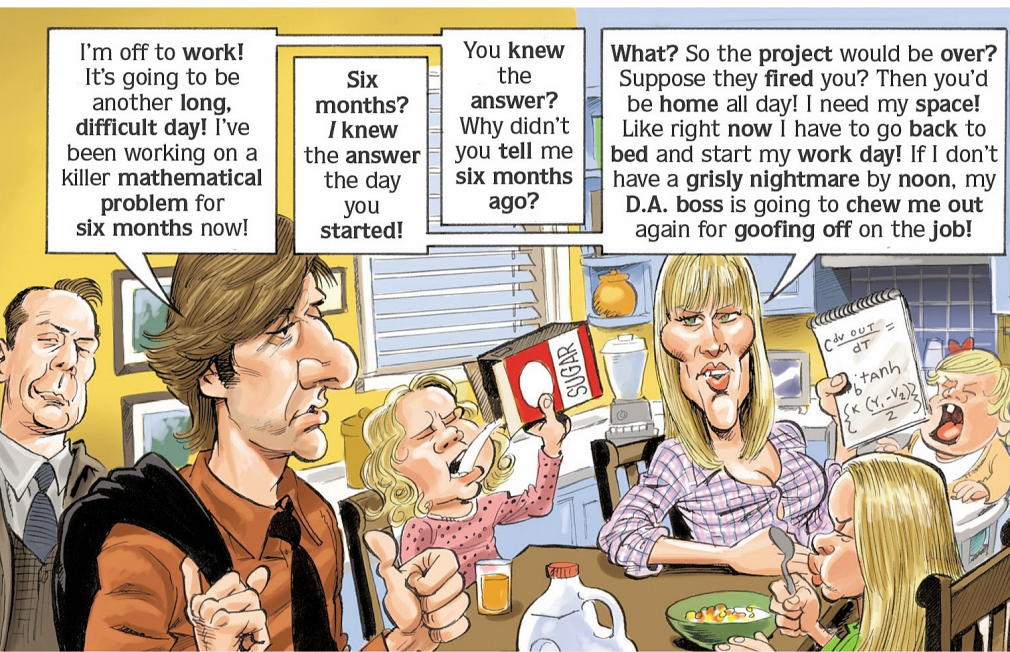


You have that strange look in your eye! What are you seeing?

I'm seeing an old man putting his arms around a young girl half his age! She doesn't like it, but she's afraid to say anything!

And what do you think that means?

It means that old geezer across the street should get some shades! I can see right into his apartment!

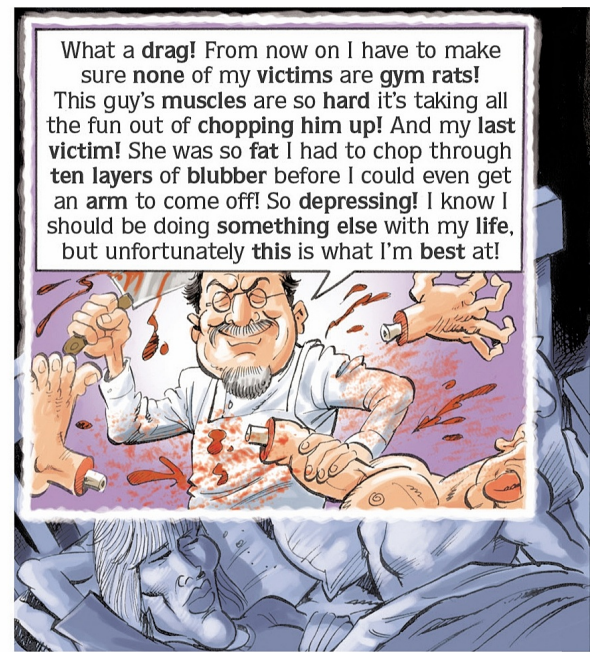


I'm off to work! It's going to be another long, difficult day! I've been working on a killer mathematical problem for six months now!

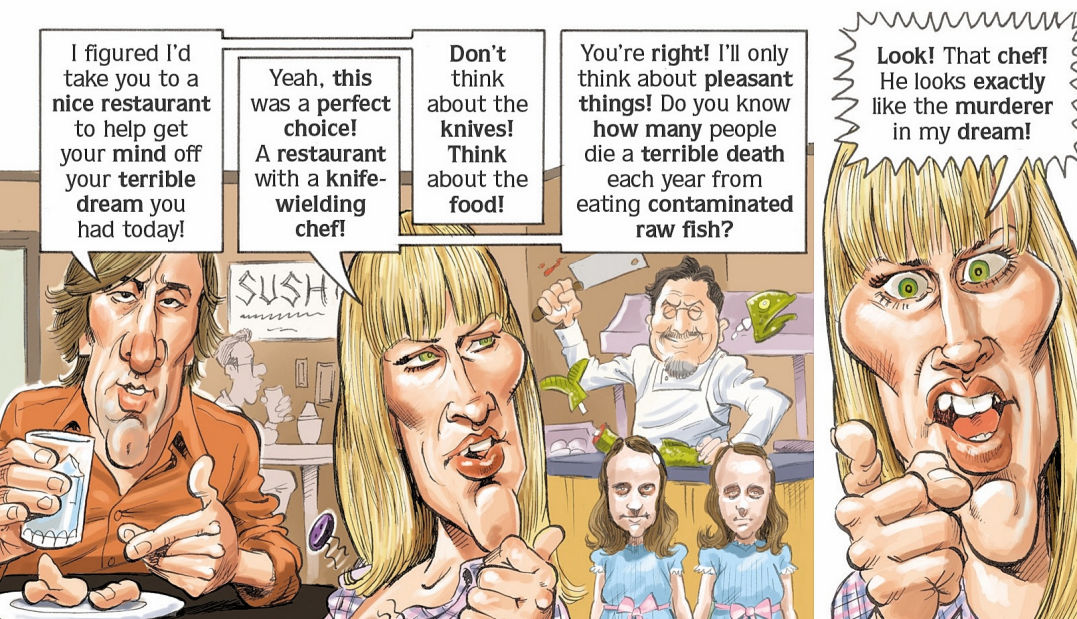
Six months? I knew the answer the day you started!

You knew the answer? Why didn't you tell me six months ago?

What? So the project would be over? Suppose they fired you? Then you'd be home all day! I need my space! Like right now I have to go back to bed and start my work day! If I don't have a grisly nightmare by noon, my D.A. boss is going to chew me out again for goofing off on the job!



What a drag! From now on I have to make sure none of my victims are gym rats! This guy's muscles are so hard it's taking all the fun out of chopping him up! And my last victim! She was so fat I had to chop through ten layers of blubber before I could even get an arm to come off! So depressing! I know I should be doing something else with my life, but unfortunately this is what I'm best at!



I figured I'd take you to a nice restaurant to help get your mind off your terrible dream you had today!

Yeah, this was a perfect choice! A restaurant with a knife-wielding chef!

Don't think about the knives! Think about the food!

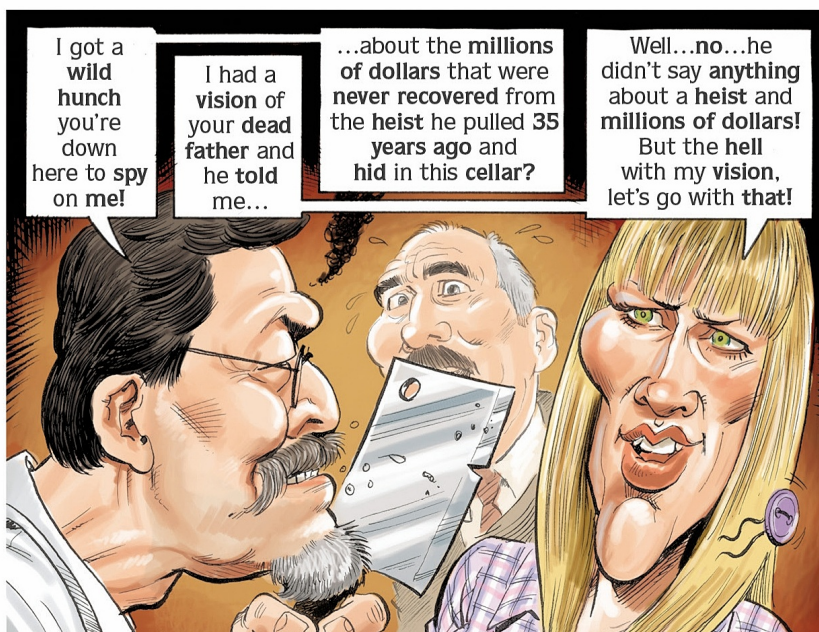
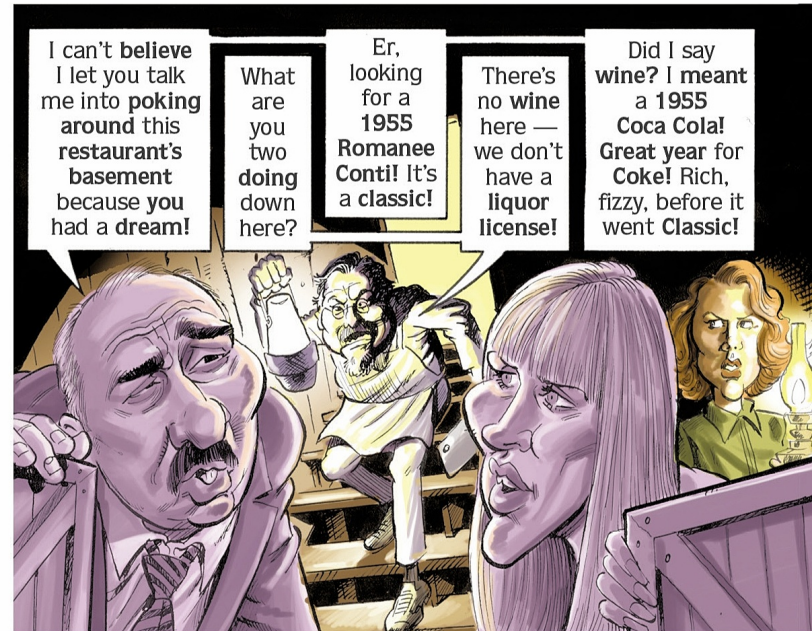
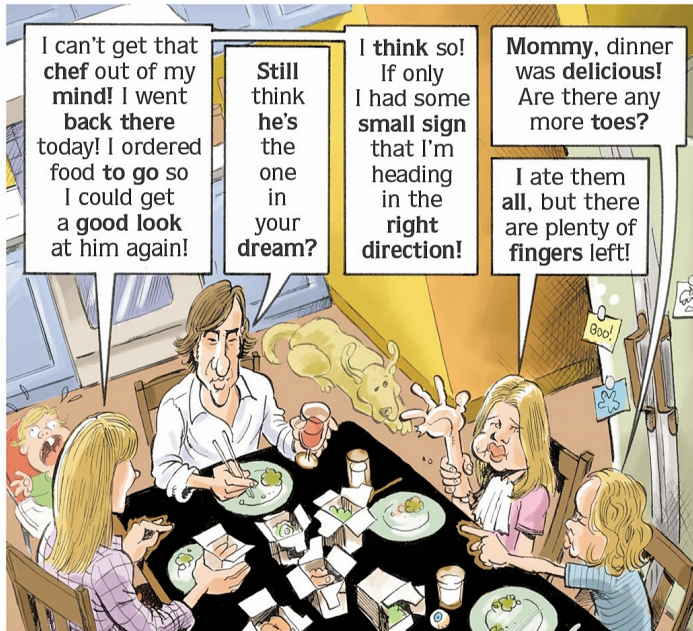
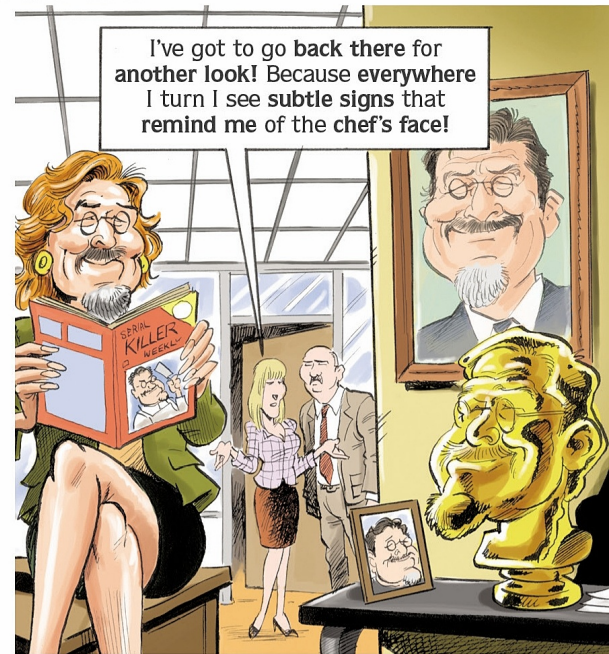
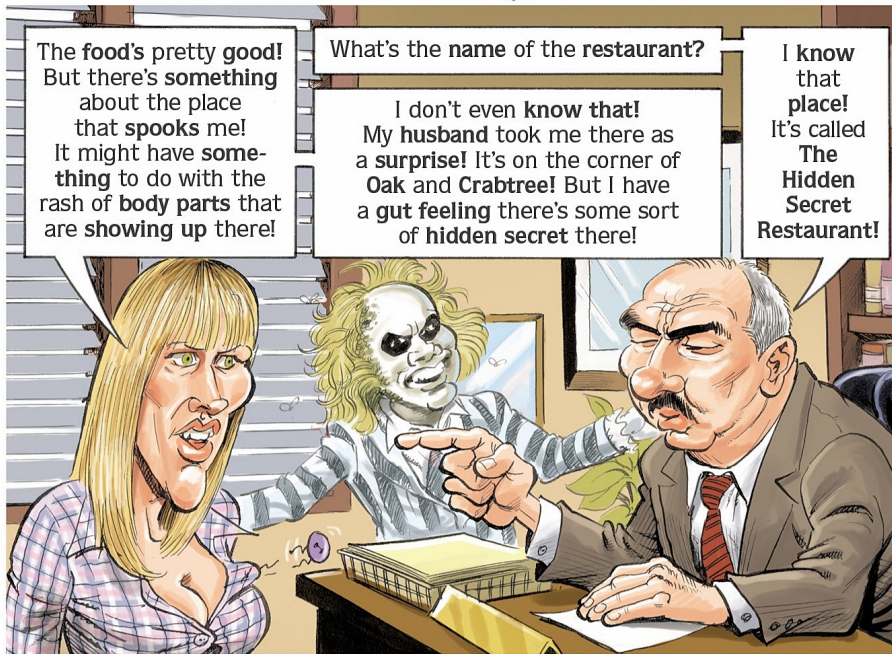
You're right! I'll only think about pleasant things! Do you know how many people die a terrible death each year from eating contaminated raw fish?

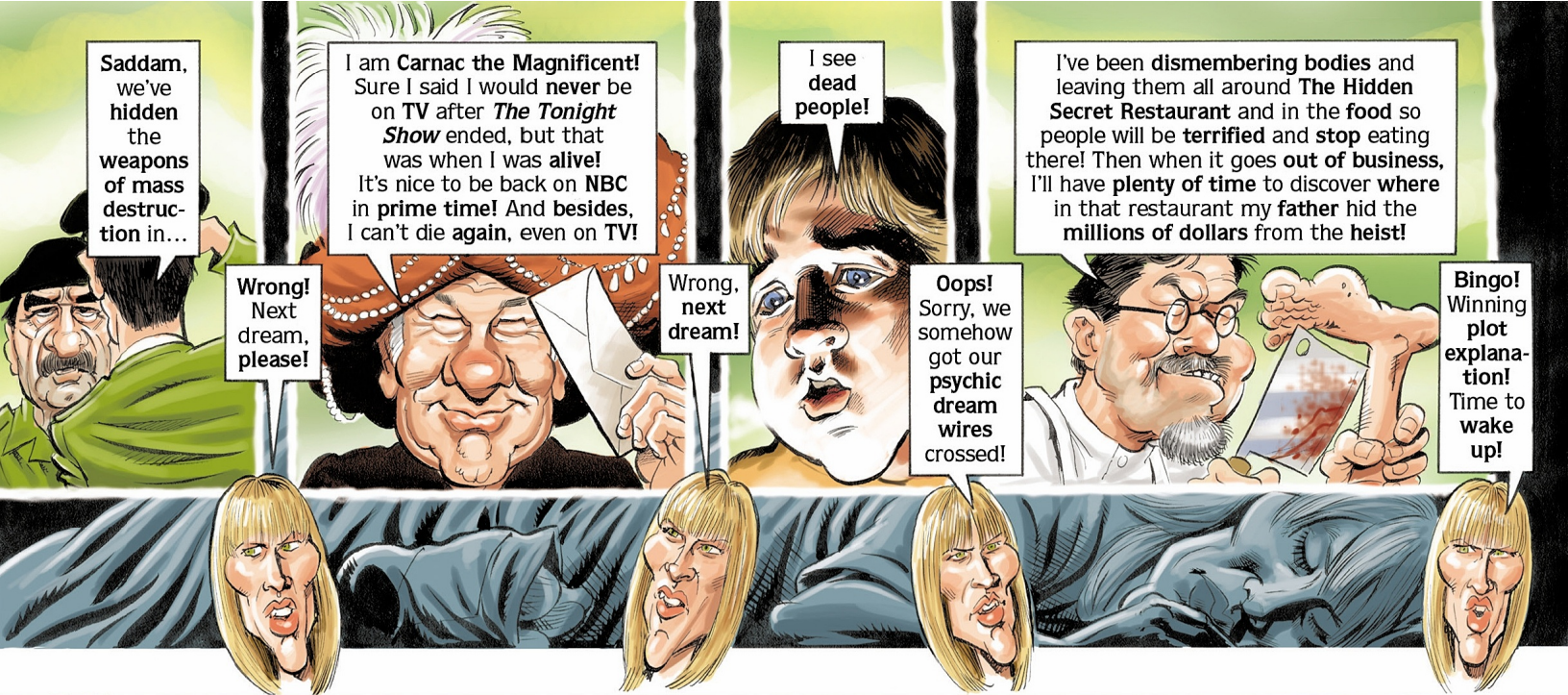
Look! That chef! He looks exactly like the murderer in my dream!



See! He just cut that lady's head off because you startled him! I only thank God we're not at a circumcision!

He cut that lady's head off because you startled him! I only thank God we're not at a circumcision!





Saddam, we've hidden the weapons of mass destruction in...

I am Carnac the Magnificent! Sure I said I would never be on TV after *The Tonight Show* ended, but that was when I was alive! It's nice to be back on NBC in prime time! And besides, I can't die again, even on TV!

I see dead people!

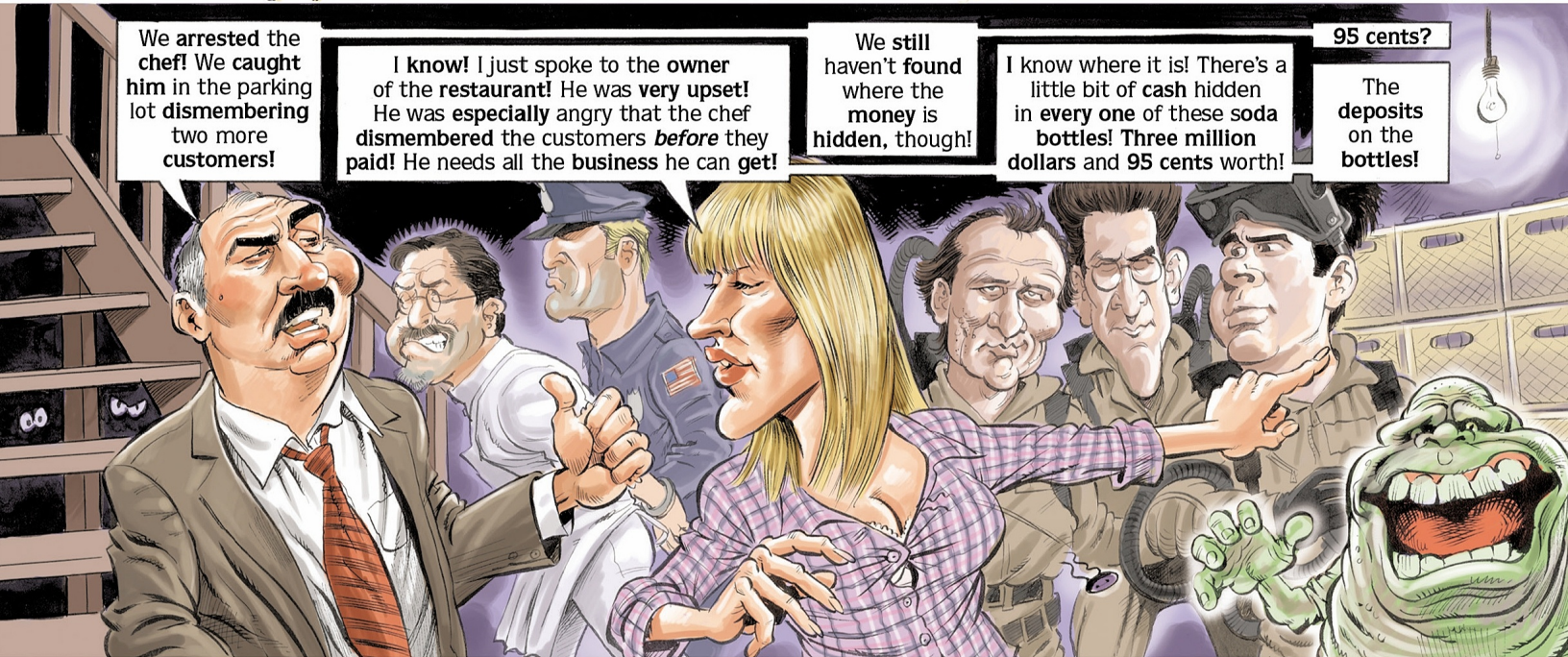
I've been dismembering bodies and leaving them all around The Hidden Secret Restaurant and in the food so people will be terrified and stop eating there! Then when it goes out of business, I'll have plenty of time to discover where in that restaurant my father hid the millions of dollars from the heist!

Wrong! Next dream, please!

Wrong, next dream!

Oops! Sorry, we somehow got our psychic dream wires crossed!

Bingo! Winning plot explanation! Time to wake up!



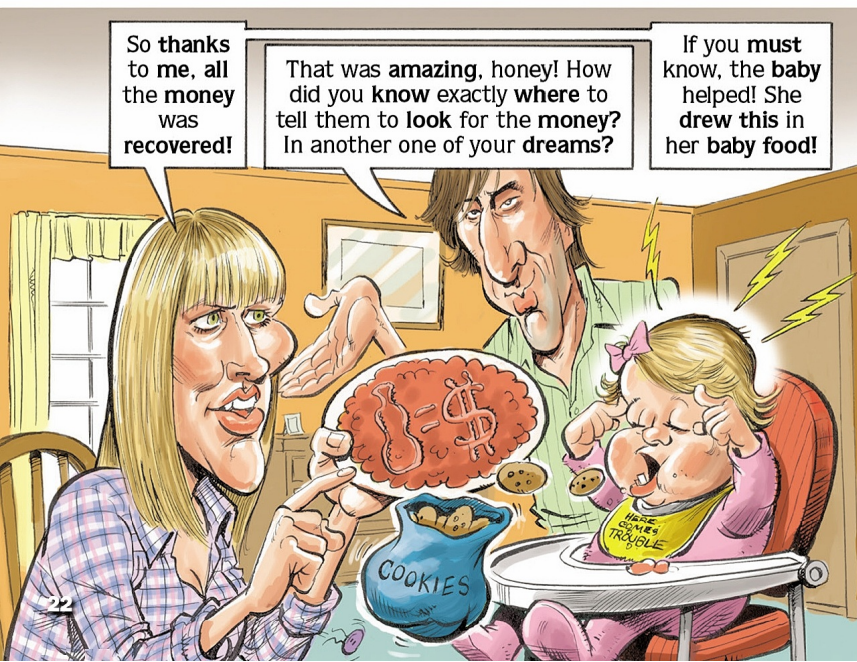
We arrested the chef! We caught him in the parking lot dismembering two more customers!

I know! I just spoke to the owner of the restaurant! He was very upset! He was especially angry that the chef dismembered the customers *before* they paid! He needs all the business he can get!

We still haven't found where the money is hidden, though!

I know where it is! There's a little bit of cash hidden in every one of these soda bottles! Three million dollars and 95 cents worth!

95 cents? The deposits on the bottles!



So thanks to me, all the money was recovered!

That was amazing, honey! How did you know exactly where to tell them to look for the money? In another one of your dreams?

If you must know, the baby helped! She drew this in her baby food!



The baby! OK, that's it! First you're having conversations with the dead, then our two daughters start having weird visions, then your brother and now our baby! Who's next, the dog? I can't take this anymore! I'm leaving you!

Leaving me? Wow, I didn't see that coming!

I did!



What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote children's comics?
It might look like...

Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON
IT TO GO INSANE!

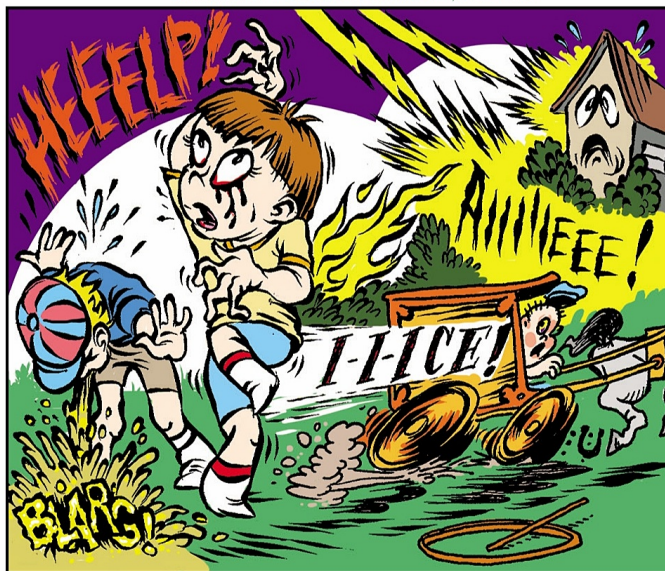
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #4, DEC 2018

I'M IN LUCK!
THERE ARE SOME
CHILDREN PLAYING!

WILL YOU
BE MY
FRIENDS?

AN ELDER
G-G-G-GOD!

MISKATONIC
MAGNET
SCHOOL



THIS HIDES A TABLEAU OF
UNSPEAKABLE HORROR

~SIGH~
AH FIDDLESTICKS!
IT'S LIKE SHEBOYGAN
ALL OVER AGAIN!

IA! IA!

DOOM!



NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMETHING FROM THE COVEN DEPT.

Recently, we gave four blank pages to two idiots. They planned to use the four pages to create a hysterically funny movie parody.

However, things did not go as planned. This is all that remains.

THE BLAND WITCH PROJECT

I'm Heifer! I want to escape the woods, and I want to somehow survive this horror! But what I really want is to direct! I have a vision! So what if that vision is blurry and shakes all over the place? As you'll see, I like to film the exact same stuff over again and again — so I'm already as good a director as Spike Lee! The only trouble is, what happens to me in this movie is the **ULTIMATE** one-picture deal! Forget about any sequels!

I'm Squash, and I came here to answer a mysterious question! And no, that question is **NOT** "Hey, aren't you the guy who used to be in the Spin Doctors?" A lot of things that happen in this movie get me angry! But what pisses me off most of all is something that doesn't happen! I'm the only long-haired dude in the history of horror movies who **DOESN'T** get laid moments before he gets killed!

I'm Meatball! I wear a snug, form-fitting outfit throughout the movie! Unfortunately, it's a poncho! I'm the voice of reason who raises some troubling issues about this whole project! However, I wait until we're in the middle of a freakin' forest to raise those issues! Okay, so my timing's a tad off! When we get back to civilization, I might buy some Microsoft stock — I have a feeling it could be worth something someday!

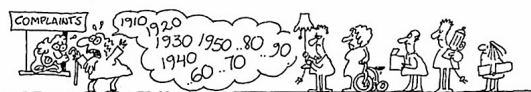
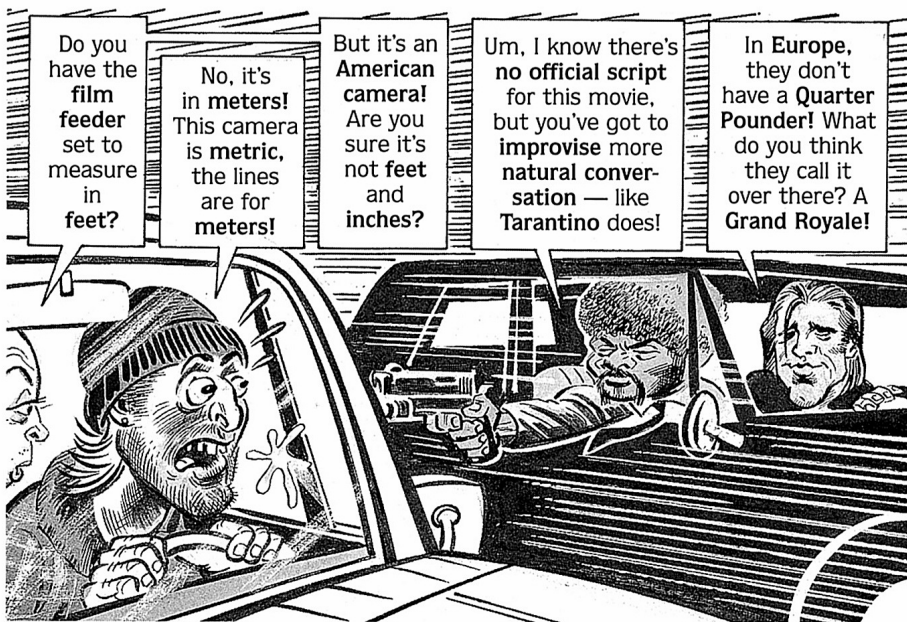
I'm Heifer again! Since there's only a grand total of three characters in this whole damn movie, it's tough for MAD to fill out this intro panel! So, how do you like this caricature of me from a different angle? Neat, huh?

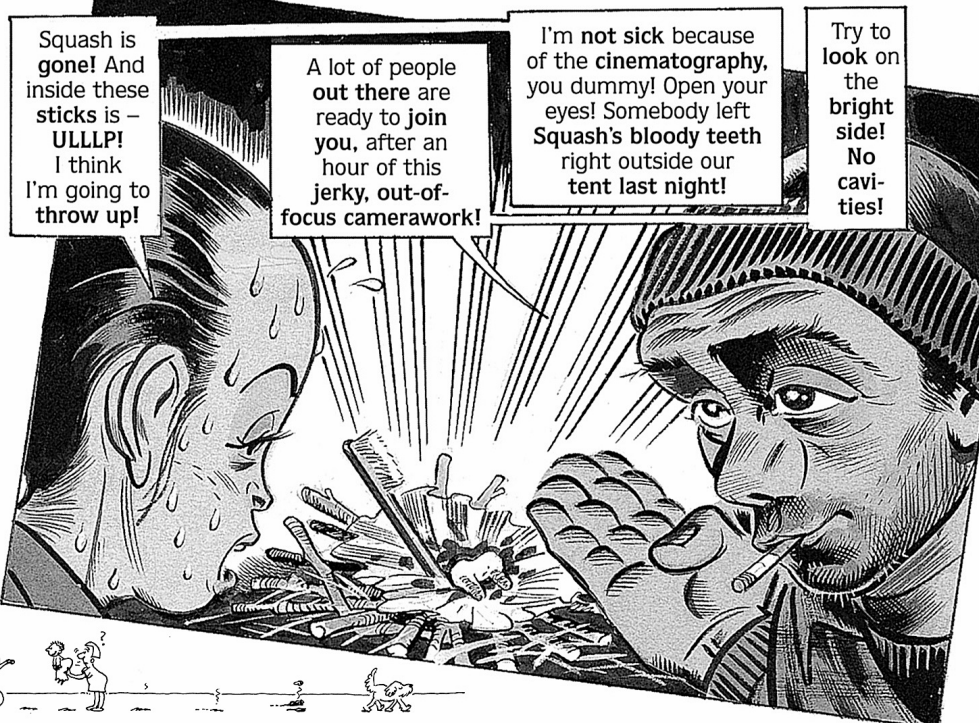
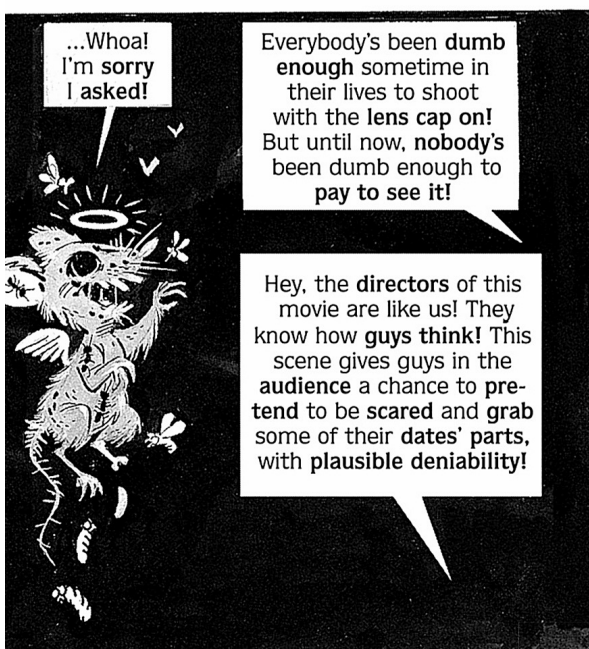
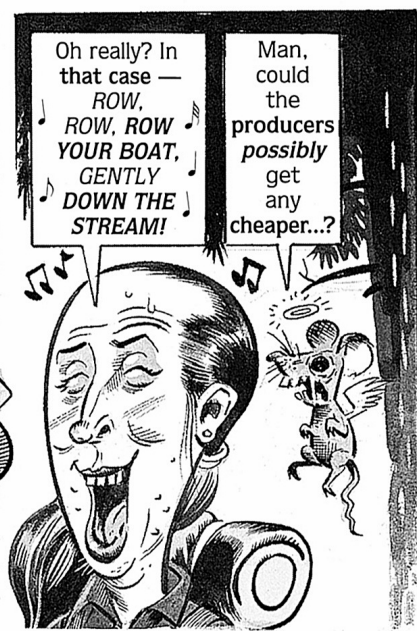
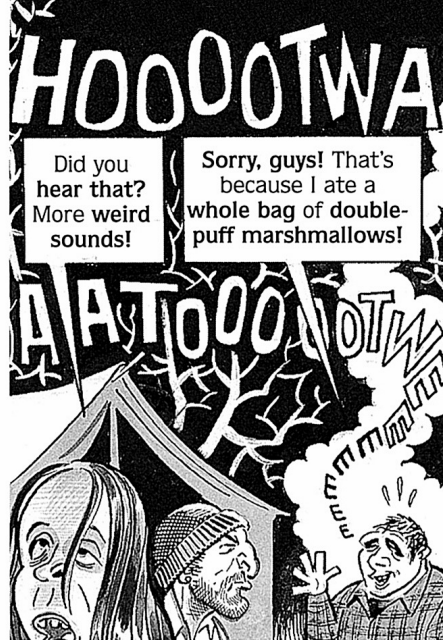


Hi, I'm Myluck and this is Saycheez! We're the directors of this "documentary"! We sent our actors into the woods without a script, and made them do all the filming work! To create the realistic feel of this movie, we made our actors sleep in dirt, fall into cold water, eat buggy food, go without sleep and freeze their asses off! We originally got the idea while we were head counselors at summer camp!

Hi, I'm Calista Flockhart! I came to learn some diet tips from those spooky wooden stick men that are all over the forest! I'm so envious of them! No matter how carefully I eat, I just can't get below a 12-inch waist!

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN** ARTIST **BILL WRAY**





Let's
get
outta
here!
Run!
Run!
RUN!

If we get out of this alive, I
think this unique style of
natural camerawork can
attract a whole new audi-
ence to the movie theatres!

Yeah?
Like
who?

The
blind!

I'm sorry I got us all lost in the woods! I'm sorry I left
the headlights on when we parked the car! I'm sorry I
went to the bathroom in a patch of poison ivy two days
ago! I'm sorry I have a quivery booger in my left nostril
that's about four feet tall when you see it on a movie
screen! And I'm really, really sorry this scene looks
like an outtake from an Alanis Morissette video!



Hey, guys, did you
remember to bring
my teeth with you?
They're feeding me
pork chops in here,
and it's not easy!

What a scary place! It
looks like the Una-
bomber's summer vacation
villa! Do you think
this wreck belonged
to the Bland Witch?

If it did,
I'll bet she
never got
back her
security
deposit!

Up and down, up and
down! This must be
the only one-story
house in architectural
history to be built
with 15 staircases!

It's a bit of a fixer-upper, true!
Too bad it's in the middle of the
woods, though! If this same house
were in Los Angeles, I could get
\$2,500 a month rent! Oh well...
location, location, location!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #387, NOV 1999

Oh my God,
oh my God!
Who's that
in the
corner?

Oh, what a treat! One measly camera
shot for ME at last! I'm only the
freakin' BLAND WITCH! Wouldn't it
be nice if I was allowed to make
a lousy cameo appearance in my
OWN FREAKIN' MOVIE!? And hold it
steady! None of this shaky MTV
camera crapola for MY beauty shot!

Get me a rewrite! I want my part punched up! And I haven't
seen dime one from merchandising, either! I want back-
end money on this sucker, IN WRITING! If I'm gonna get
screwed, you'd better buy me dinner first! What? 12%
of net? Take net and shove it! Gross, dollface, gross!
I don't care if Ovitz IS poolside! Do you like your job?
Two minutes, or you can tell your boss I'm married
to the Tri-Star deal! I'll ruin you...!





Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

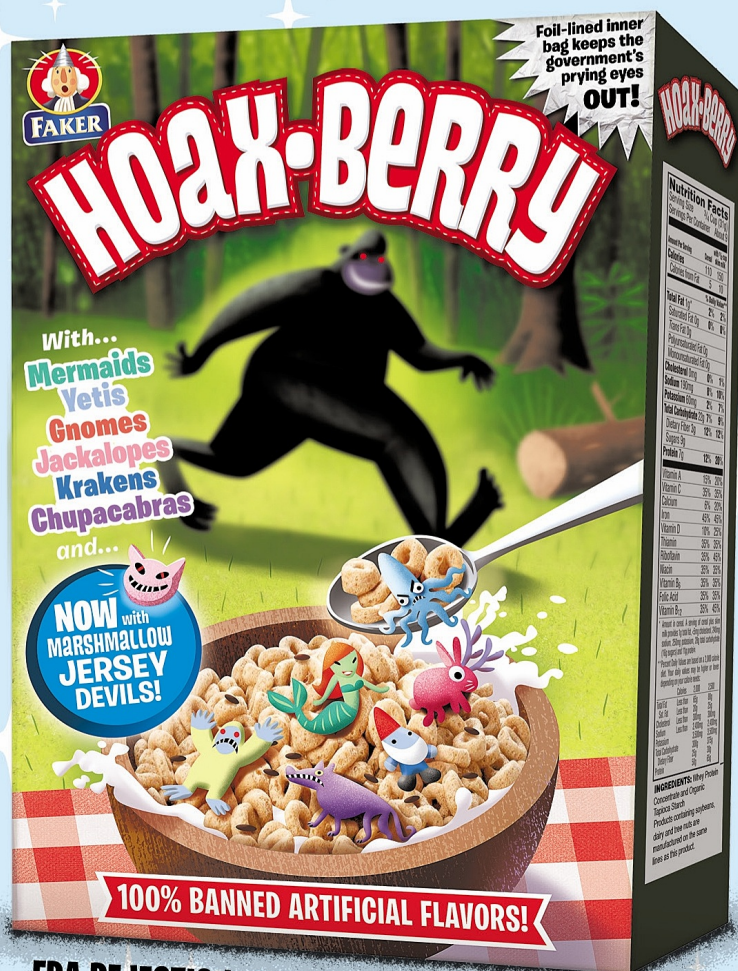
WRITER JEFF KRUSE ARTIST DEAN MACADAM



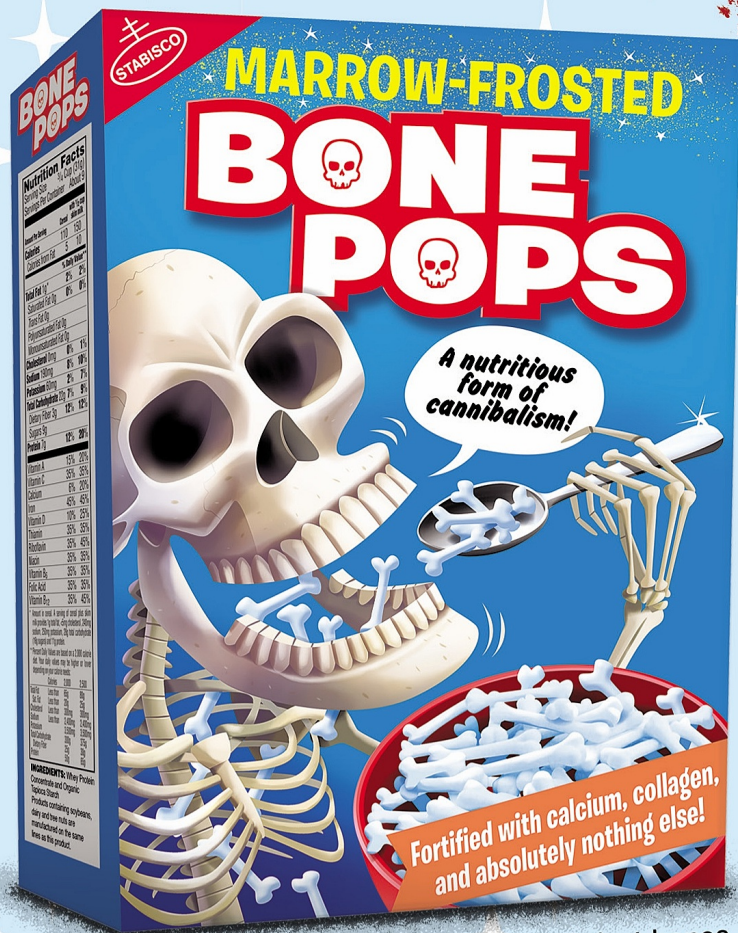
FDA REJECTION "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."



FDA REJECTION "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."



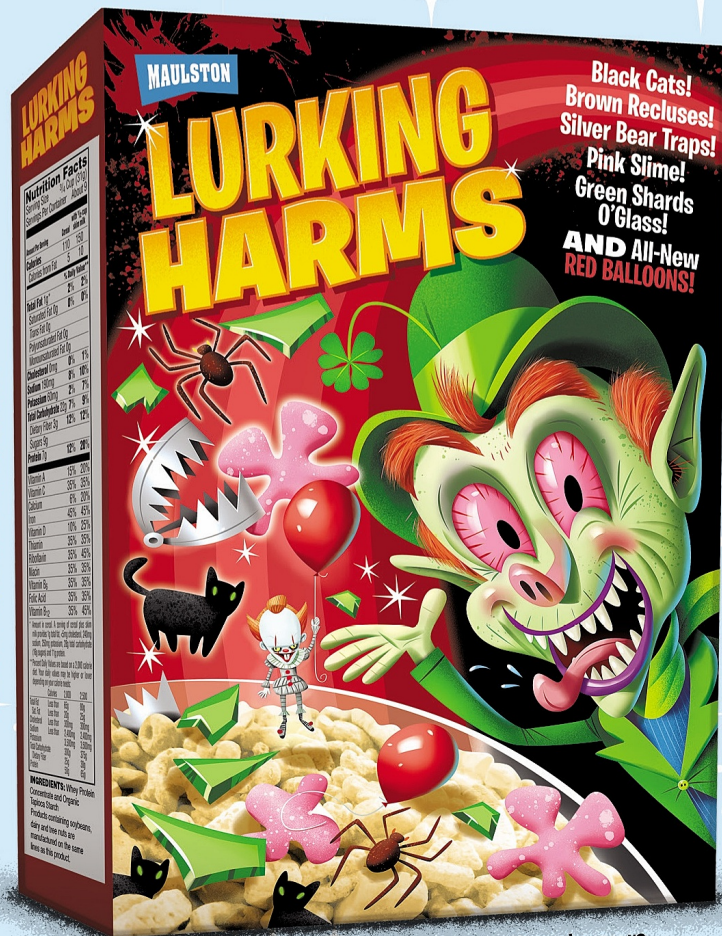
FDA REJECTION "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."



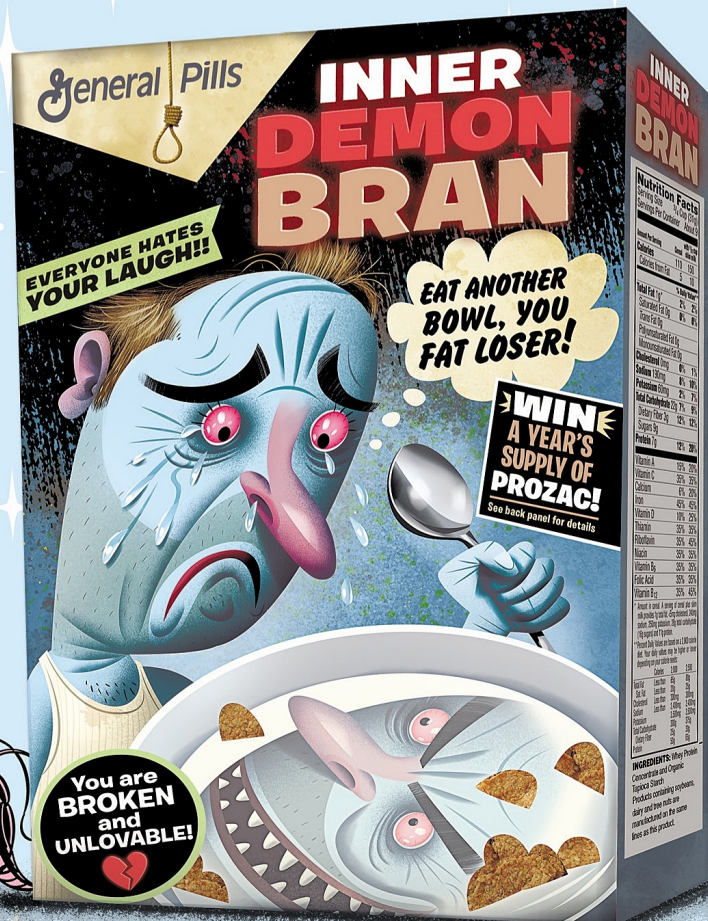
FDA REJECTION "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



FDA REJECTION "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



FDA REJECTION "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



FDA REJECTION "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."



When picking a psychic, you have to be careful. If you rush into things, you might end up with a phoney baloney fortune teller that's completely full of crap! But if you do your research, you'll wind up with a phoney baloney fortune teller who's just *mostly* full of crap! It's a delicate science to pick the frauds from the superfrauds, and MAD is happy to provide these:

... um, then Your big brother, Mike, thinks about starting a band, but Your kooky neighbor, um, I can't remember his name—but it's NOT Mr. Roper—he causes a stink, and then...



He predicts what you know, for a fact, to be an entire episode of *Growing Pains*.

Gosh, I wonder if that's Aunt Helen coming through?



His trance state involves a lot of snoring.

TELL-TALE SIGNS THAT YOU'VE GOT A REALLY BAD PSYCHIC



You notice the crystal ball has 3 holes in it and a "Bowlaroo" logo.



Your lucky numbers are sensed through the energy your credit card emits.

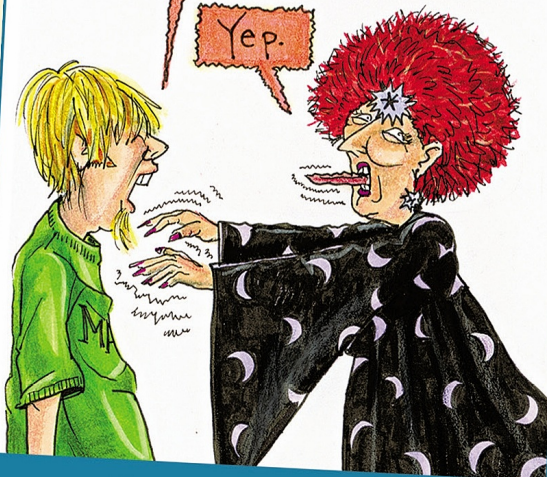
...oh Yes, and take comfort in knowing she's experiencing absolutely zero static cling!



An article of clothing from your missing cousin reveals she is somewhere Downy fresh.

Wow. So I'm gonna have to pee soon, huh?

Yep.



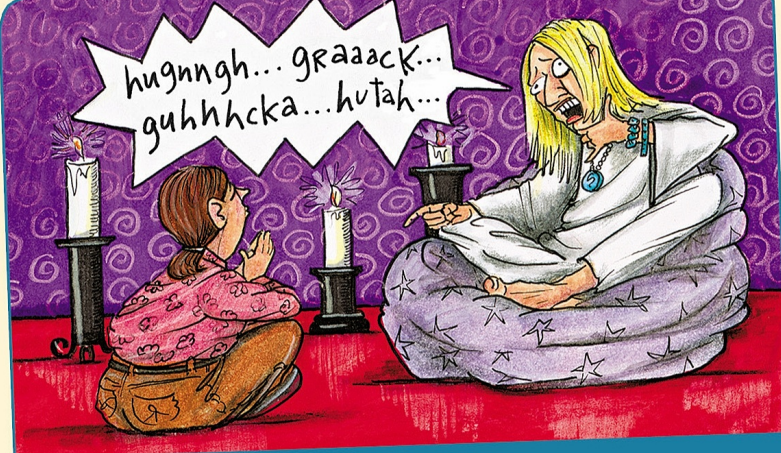
She can only predict twenty minutes into the future.

I don't know where it comes from - I just know - I'm talking four, five bucks a gallon.



She keeps getting a strong image of you paying more at the pump.

hugnngh... graaack...
guhnhcka... hutah...



All the dead people you want to contact mysteriously "have laryngitis."

Oooh. Not good. You just pulled yourself a Giancarlo Alvarado... GASP!!!
With a Taylor Teagarden Rising!



Your reading is done with baseball cards instead of Tarot cards.



Today, there is a growing interest in Psychic Phenomena. This includes such fascinating fields as Extra-Sensory Perception, Psychokinesis, Psychic Healing, Time Hypnosis, Plant Communication and other mind-blowing things. And so, it won't be long before some smart publisher gets the message and puts out a magazine to appeal to the people who dig this sort of thing. Something like—

MIND POWER

The Magazine Of Extra-Sensory Perception, Parapsychology, Psychic Phenomenon, Psychokinesis And Other Spooky Stuff.

June 1976

75c

UNLESS YOU CAN
HYPNOTIZE THE
NEWSDEALER

**A BUDGET-MINDED
PSYCHIC CONFESSES:**
"I Never Use My Phone Any
More! Now, I Use Telepathy
To Make My Obscene Calls!"
* * * *

**A MAN SENT BACK IN TIME
VIA HYPNOSIS REPORTS:**
"In A Previous Life, I Was
The Neanderthal Who
Invented The Square Wheel!"
* * * *

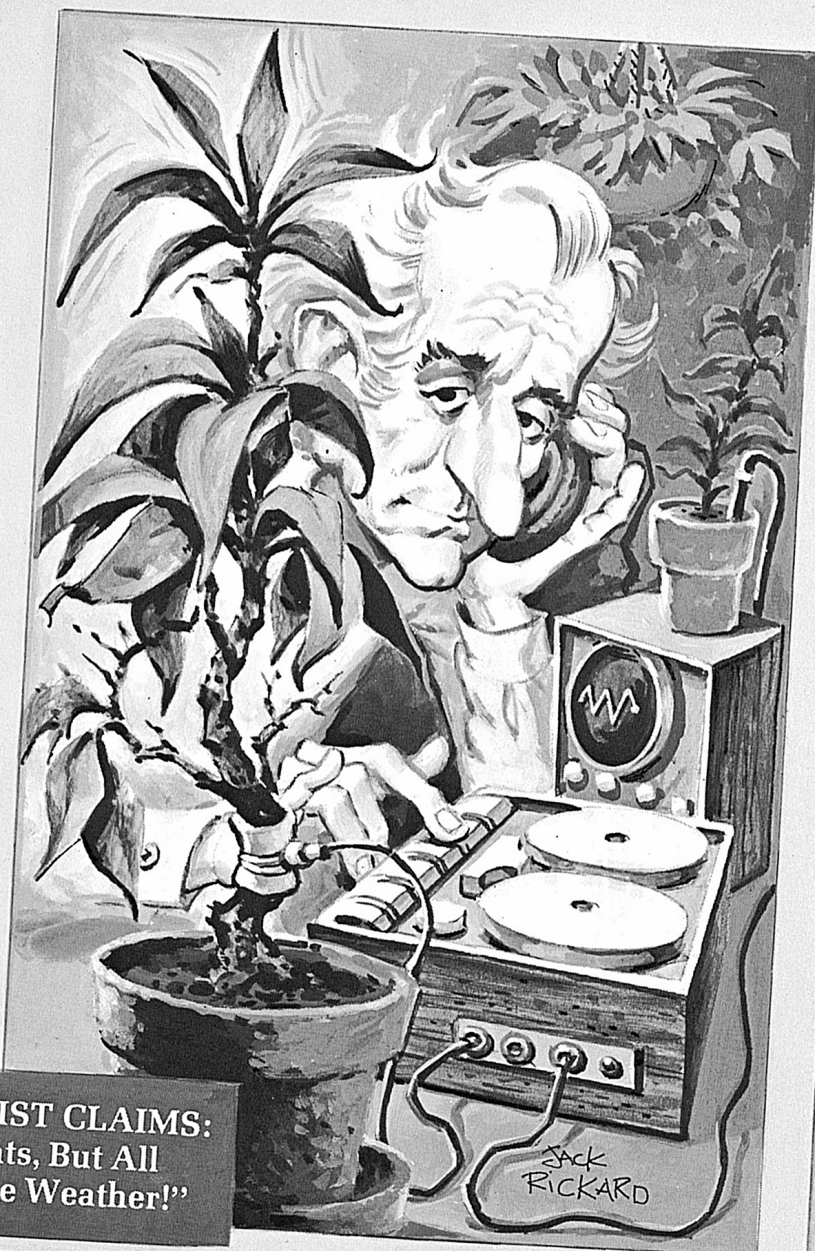
**A MIND READING
SEER DISCLOSES:**
"I Have The Power To Read
Your Innermost Thoughts
... And You Should Be
Ashamed Of Yourself!"
* * * *

**AN E.S.P. DAREDEVIL'S
THRILLING ACCOMPLISHMENT:**
"I Drove 2 Miles Blindfolded:
1 Block In My Car ... And Then
39 Blocks In An Ambulance!"
* * * *

**A POLITICAL PROPHET
REVIEWS HIS TRIUMPHS:**
"In The 1972 Presidential
Election, I Predicted Who
Would Be The Loser ...
The American Public!"
* * * *

**A SPINSTER PSYCHIC
RELUCTANTLY ADMITS:**
"I Have Lived Before, And
It Was Just As Dull Then!"
* * * *

A DISAPPOINTED AGRONOMIST CLAIMS:
"I Actually Speak To My Plants, But All
They Want To Talk About Is The Weather!"



PSYCHIC PHENOMENONSENSE

Goings-On...In And Out Of This World

by Omar Pinsky

DIDJA HEAR ABOUT skeptic Harold Gast? He's been toiling night and day on his forthcoming book which will disprove the existence of an Afterlife. Harold is calling his book "There Certainly Is No Life After Death!" and he's been working 20 hours a day on it with no time for anything else. Well, now Harold's wife is also writing a book, and she's calling hers "There Certainly Is No Life After Marriage!"

* * * *

BOO, HISS DEPT. Shame on Mind-Reader Rudolph Sigmathy! During his performance at the Bijou Theater last week, he asked people in the audience to send various personal objects to the stage, and claimed that he would identify the owners by simply feeling the objects. When his Assistant handed him the collection of watches, wallets, coins, bills and jewelry, and asked the great Mind-Reader to whom they belonged, Rudolph shouted, "To ME!" and ran from the theater into a waiting car. (That wasn't nice, Rudy! I hope your aura gets blown away in a stiff wind!)

* * * *

OVERSEAS HAPPENINGS: While slashing through a field of sugar cane with his machete, Sergio Macho heard what he thought was a cry of pain. And since Sergio never believed that plants had feelings, he was startled. As he looked down, he was shocked to discover where the cries were coming from. They were coming from Sergio, who had accidentally slashed his own leg with his machete. (Now you know how plants feel, eh, Sergi?)



"I STILL DON'T BELIEVE in Voodoo!" maintains die-hard explorer Timberwolf Bane, who recently granted Yours Truly an exclusive interview from the matchbox in which he now lives. (Keep talking, Tiny Timb! Heh-heh!)

* * * *

SEEN AT A SEANCE DEPT. Last week, Medium Gretta Grepps conjured up the spirit of Benedict Arnold. Seems ol' Benedict was mighty teed off after hearing about President Nixon's pardon. "How about me?" he demanded. "What am I, a piece of doo-doo?" (We won't answer that, Benny!)

* * * *

PITY POOR Ed Stone, the farmer from East Crevice, Iowa, who wanted a better corn crop, so he wired up his fields and played Lawrence Welk music all day long. Seems the crop thrived, but unfortunately his neighbors heard the music all day long, too. They burned down Eb's farm! . . . Quick! Think of a card! The Ten of Spades . . . Right!? (Who says ESP doesn't work?!)

DR. SANDFORD PIZER sent along this photo to us showing his wife standing at Stonehenge, one of the great mysteries of all time. Sandford writes, "Someday we will learn the answers to the five questions about Stonehenge: WHERE did the stones come from? WHAT do they mean? HOW did they get there? WHEN did they come? And WHO brought them?" I'm sure we will, Sandy, but will we ever learn the answer to an even more important question: WHY does your wife wear such tacky clothes . . . Fast, now! Pick a number from one to ten! Six . . . right?! (That's two for two!)



SEND SYMPATHY CARDS to the family of Billy Grovel. Billy predicted that the sky would fall, and the world would come to an end last month. Well, it did . . . for him! Billy was erased by a truck as he crossed the street while looking up to see if the sky was falling yet.

* * * *

BACK TO EARTH DEPT. Dick Mather had a premonition that the ill-fated Flight 365, which later did go down, would crash. He was so sure of his vision that he pleaded and pleaded with his skeptical wife. But no matter how hard Dick begged her, he couldn't convince her to take the Flight.

* * * *

HATS OFF DEPT. Professor Daryl Ennui, the noted NYU economics expert, set a new Inter-Scholastic ESP Record last month when he put 243 students into a deep trance in less than thirty minutes. Daryl's lecture on Gresham's Law is a sure-fire winner!

* * * *

HEARTWARMING NOTES DEPT. Dave Fink, who was stolen by a roving band of Bank Examiners when he was an infant, went to a Psychic who told him where he could find his Mother. Dave followed up and met his Mom after a 45-year separation. At first, Dave wasn't sure it was really his Mother, but he was convinced when she greeted him by saying, "In 45 years, you could have called me at least once!"

* * * *

LENNY ABERNATHY CLAIMS that no one at home understands him and his preoccupation with Psychic Phenomenon, so Len wants to use this column to contact a man with similar interests...or if not that, then a woman who is lonely! . . . Now, quick, pick a month! December . . . right!? (No? Sorry, guy! Well, two out of three ain't bad!)

* * * *

REINCARNATION DEPT. Pity poor Harvey Reed, the songwriter, who was Johann Strauss in a previous life. Seems that last week, Harv composed "The Blue Danube" for the 78th time. But don't get me wrong! I love Psychic Phenomenonsense!

MIND POWER INTERVIEWS:

Mr. CASEY EDGARS, World Famous Psychic Healer

MP: Hello, Mr. Edgars. I'm...

EDGARS: Say no more. I can see you're suffering from severe back trouble. You've had it for years, and you've been to the biggest doctors without any relief. Well, your worries are over, young man. I can cure you.

MP: I'm afraid you don't understand, sir. My back feels fine.

EDGARS: See? And I didn't even lay a hand on you. That'll be \$600, please.

MP: Wait a minute! I'm not a patient! I'm the Editor of *Mind Power Magazine*, and I'm here to interview you.

EDGARS: Oh? Well, then, have a seat. You can sit comfortably, now that I've cured your back.

MP: May we begin? First, just how do you cure sick people.

EDGARS: That depends on exactly how sick they are.

MP: Well, let's say a person who was very sick came to see you. What would you do?

EDGARS: I'd pretend I was the Telephone Company Repair Man. Listen, pal... very sick people can die on you. That can screw up a guy's perfect record.

MP: Well, let's say it's someone who isn't really very sick...

EDGARS: Okay, first I look at them. But I don't see them.

MP: Oh, your eyes are giving you trouble.

EDGARS: Any more jokes, and this interview is over, sonny. I don't see them because I don't look at the person, I look at his aura. I can see where his aura is warped, or discolored, or agitated, or just plain teed off. That's where the trouble spot is. Like right now, I'm looking at your right upper wisdom tooth, and I can see it's giving you trouble.

MP: No, it isn't. It was removed ten years ago.

EDGARS: Right. And your aura misses it terribly. Well... go on, if it isn't too hard to talk with that pain-

ful tooth.

MP: After determining where the problem area is, what do you do next?

EDGARS: See these hands? They look like ordinary hands, don't they?

MP: Well, maybe not as clean... but close enough...

EDGARS: These hands, these fingers have miraculous properties. With these hands, I can cure the sick, heal the lame, restore the blind and count to ten.

MP: You mean you place your hands on the affected area of the patient?

EDGARS: No, dummy, I Cha-Cha with them. What do you think? Of course I place my hands on them. And then I call out, "Heal... heal... heal..."

MP: And then what happens?

EDGARS: Usually, my dog runs in and sits at my feet. But sometimes, the psychic energy that I control passes through my hands to the patient and he's cured.

MP: That's amazing.

EDGARS: If you think that's something, I've got a few cards tricks that'll blow your mind. Here... pick a card...

MP: Maybe later.

EDGARS: I don't know about that. Judging by your aura, you don't have all the time left in the world, you know. How's the back...?

MP: Fine. Tell me, what made you decide to become a Psychic Healer?

EDGARS: It happened when I was a Freshman in Medical School. I suddenly decided that orthodox medicine was not for me.

MP: You received some sort of... message?

EDGARS: Yeah, from the Dean, saying I was failing every course.

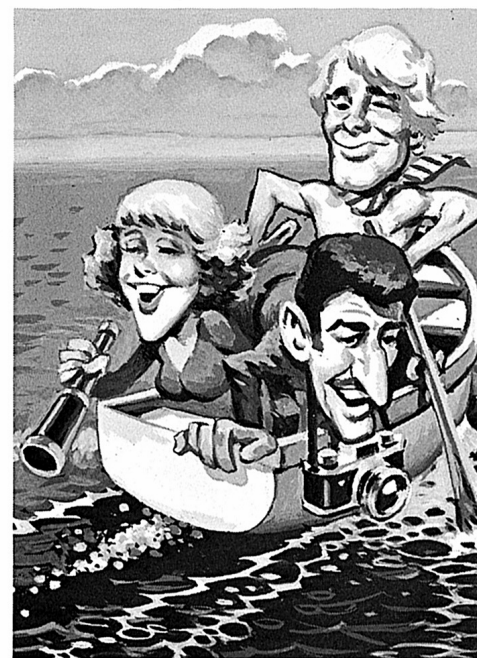
MP: Well, Mr. Edgars, I'm about out of tape. I want to thank you for your time, and I'd like to say that more people should talk to you.

EDGARS: Oh? Like who?

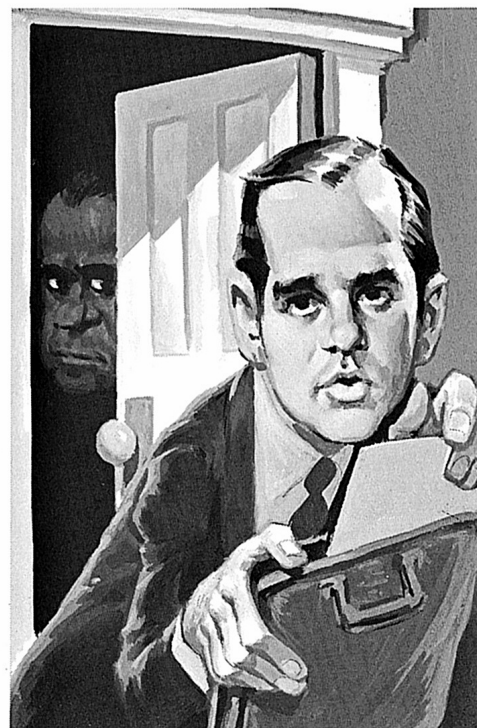
MP: Like the Police Department Bunko Squad.

PICTURES 0

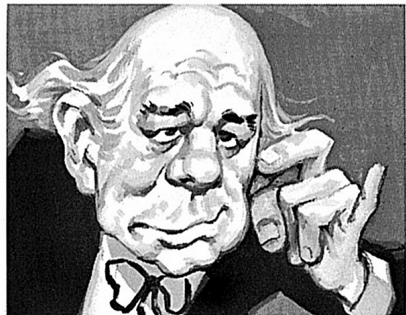
NEWS PHOTOS



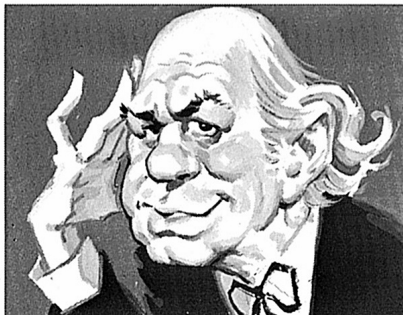
This is Dr. Arthur Yuld, his wife, Nana and their Caribbean guide, Lance Reeves, who recently spent a week investigating the mysterious Bermuda Triangle...the area where many ships and planes have vanished without a trace. When asked if he thought there really was a Bermuda Triangle, Dr. Yuld said, "I'm positive there's a triangle! The last night, I caught my wife in bed with our guide!"



As we promised last issue, here's that photo of the man who talks to a "ghost" every day. It's Ron Ziegler, leaving Richard Nixon's study at San Clemente.



"There is a lot more out there in our strange and mysterious world than is seen by the average person with limited sight. Like, dig that little number in the apartment across the courtyard!"



"I'm glad I gave up orthodox medicine to become a Healer, because with the laying on of hands, I get a chance to do what I could not do if I were an ordinary doctor...mainly feel women!"

F PEOPLE ON THE PSYCHIC PSCENE

FROM AROUND THE WORLD...AND OTHER PLACES



When Mrs. Yetta Gelt, seen here watching her son, Uri, using his concentrated mind power to move a salt shaker, was asked if she was proud of him, she replied, "I'd be a lot prouder if he concentrated his mind power on moving his butt out of the house and getting himself a job making an honest living!"



Here is amazing alchemist Ferd Gould, who has made a fortune changing base metals into gold and silver. That's nothing," says Gould. "My wife is even more amazing! She changes good money into cheap jewelry!"

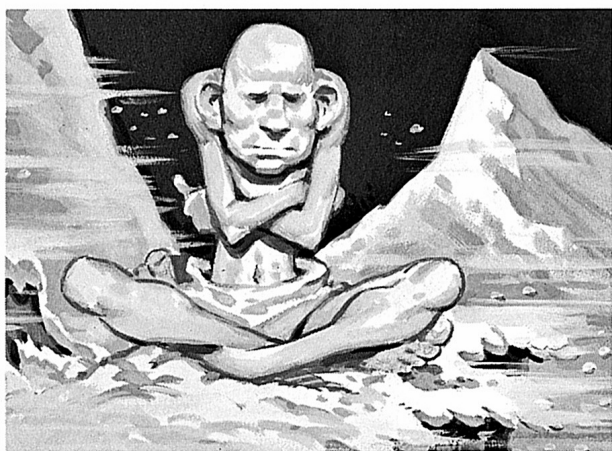


To make sure that psychic Andre Bologne would not be affected by any outside influences during a recent test of his amazing powers, scientists placed him in a sealed lead container. The precautions worked perfectly. Andre was not affected by any outside influences...and the scientists were not affected by any of Andre's screams for air before he finally suffocated.

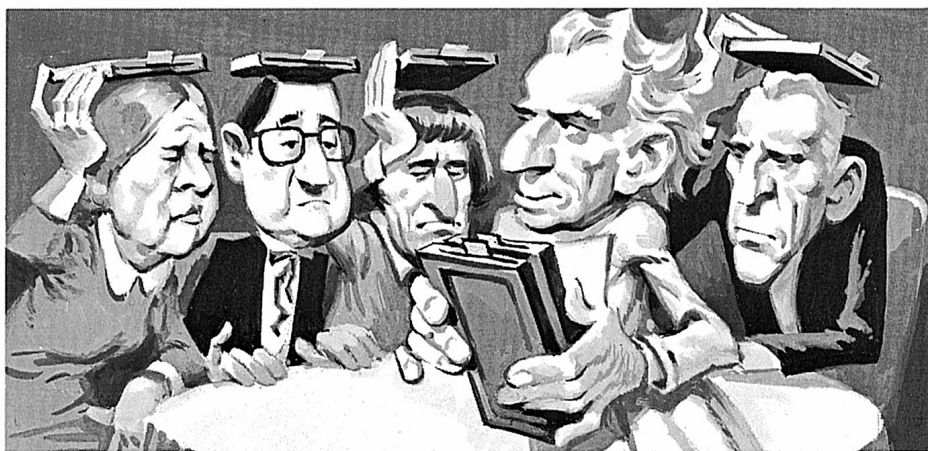


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #183 (JUN 1976)

These are the two Soviet Cosmonauts who sent mental messages back to Earth. Intercepted by an American Sensitive, the messages all had two specific themes: One, a longing for a real toilet—and the other, a strong desire to land anywhere but the Soviet Union.



Guru Knishnosh, who sits on a bleak snowy 11,000 ft. mountain peak, is a master of contemplation. When asked just what he contemplates, The Great One said, "Most of all, I contemplate how very wonderful it would be to have a warm overcoat!"



To prove that thoughts can be captured on photographic plates, Rev. Hubert Traif had members of his Church Council concentrate on something pleasurable. He was, indeed, able to pick up their thoughts on the plates, and the resulting photographs are now on sale at "The Hanky-Panky Adult Book Store" in Lodi, New Jersey.

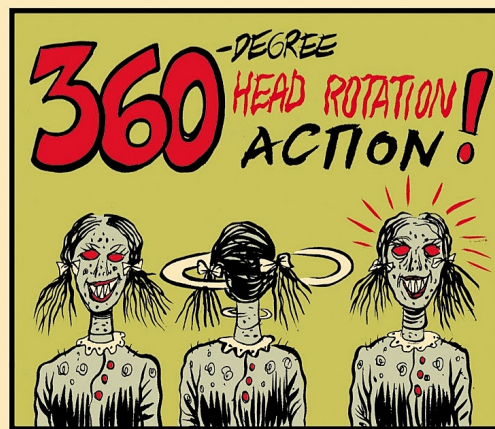
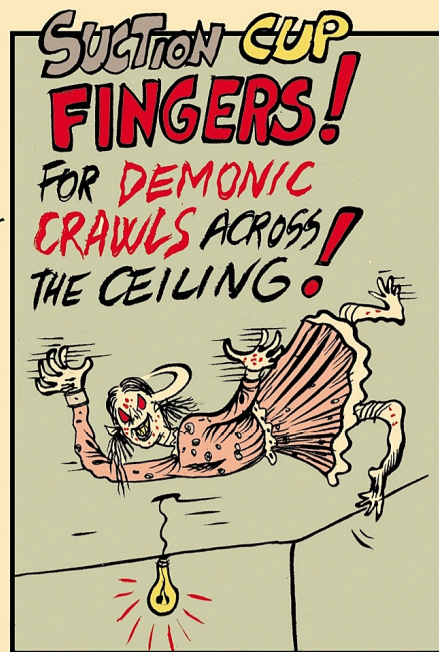
The most iconic fashion on the planet doll has been made over by everyone from the Girl Scouts to SeaWorld—so why not Satan? We upsettingly present...



POSSESSED Barbie



INTERCHANGEABLE **FACES!**
TRY ALL 4 PHASES OF DEMONIC POSSESSION!



WRITER & ARTIST HURRICANE IVAN

DON'T FORGET THESE
ECC-CESSORIES...

Barbie NIGHTMARE HOUSE™



RECHARGEABLE
LEVITATION
LEVER!

- 1 VAMPIRE REPELLENT COIL
- 2 HELL-EVATOR
- 3 BOOGYMAN'S CLOSET
- 4 GLOBAL WARMING TERRACE
- 5 DIMENSIONAL PORTAL
- 6 DISTURBING NEIGHBORS
- 7 HANNIBAL'S KITCHEN
- 8 LONG-DISTANCE PHONE SERVICE
- 9 SECURITY CAMERA
- 10 BURIAL GROUND



Voodoo Ken

BUY ME
THAT NOW,
DADDY!
PLEEEASE!





Recently, a so-called "scary" movie (by Steven Spielberg et al.) made box office history when millions of horror fans all around the country rushed to theaters and paid good money to have their pants scared off them. Well, Steve and company, MAD has taken a long, hard look at your movie, and we've come to the conclusion that using a display of dazzling special effects to cover up the lack of a strong plot and the work of unknown actors is a pretty

PA

I'm Heave Feeling... a modern suburban father! I make a good living and I've got a comfortable home and a nice family! But I'm a little worried about my daughter, Caro Anne, over there! She stares at TELEVISION six hours a day! That may not sound strange to you, but she stares at it AFTER the shows have gone off the air!

I'm Dyin Feeling... a typical suburban housewife! I'm also a typical Steven Spielberg suburban housewife! That could be a problem! They told me to take be this role because being in a Steven Spielberg movie would mean fame and recognition! But after this movie, I'll probably be as famous as those OTHER Spielberg housewives... like "Whatsername" in "Jaws" and "Whozit" in "Close Encounters" and "Watchacallit" in "E.T."!

I'm Blobbie Feeling! I'm scared of the big oak tree outside! I'm scared of the strange creaking noises in the attic! I'm scared of the glowing lights in the closet! I'm eight years old! People ask me what I want to BE when I grow up! I tell 'em I want to be NINE! In THIS house, that ain't gonna be EASY!!

I'm Tana Feeling! I'm 16 years old! My mother has "Housewife-Career" problems, my brother's scared of old trees, my sister talks to TV sets and I look NOTHING like Brooke Shields! I tell you, PUBERTY is a drag!

Are you there? Boy, talk about GHOSTS on your TV screen!

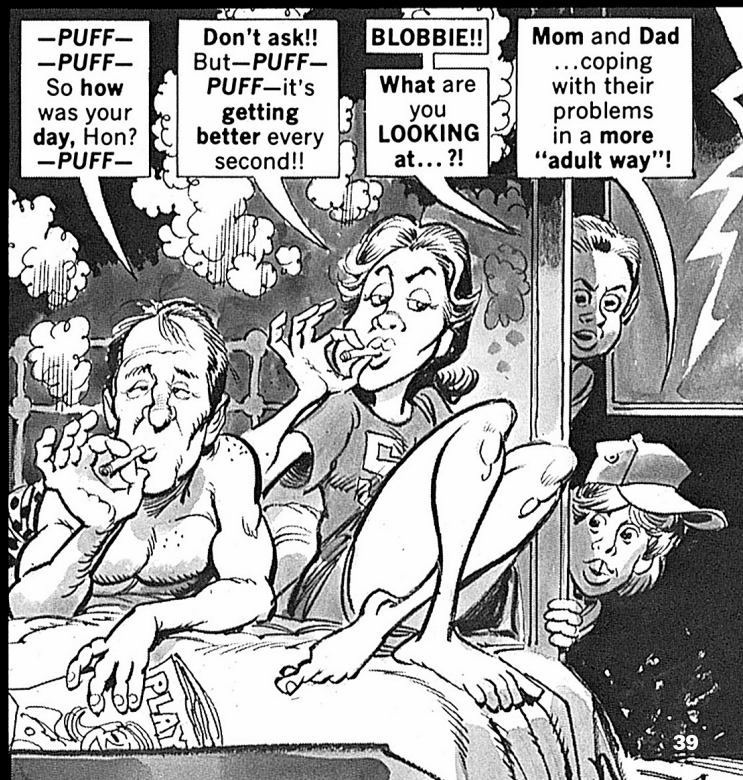
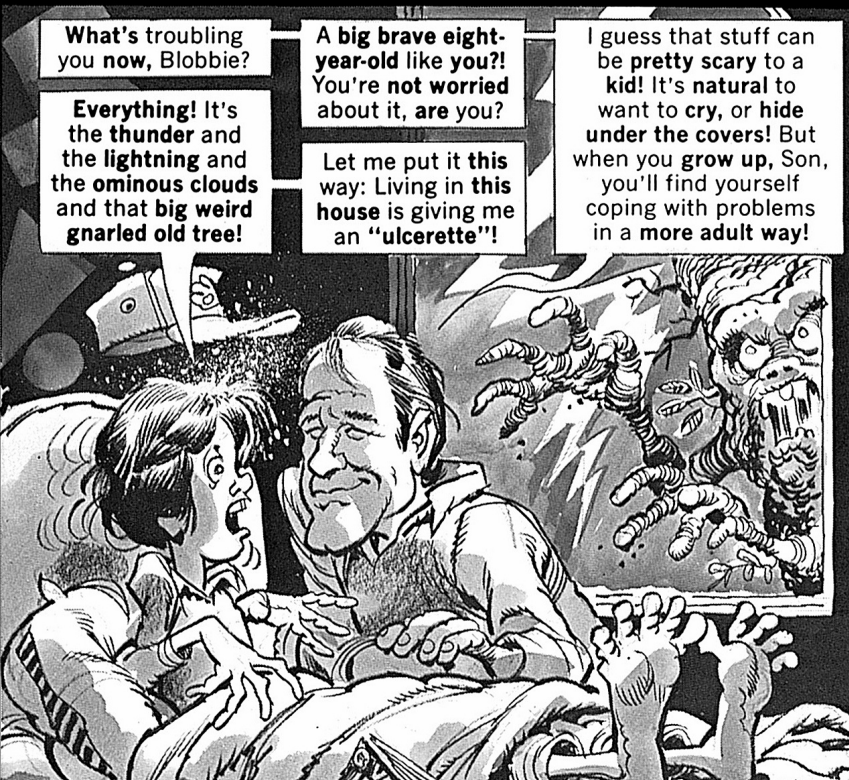


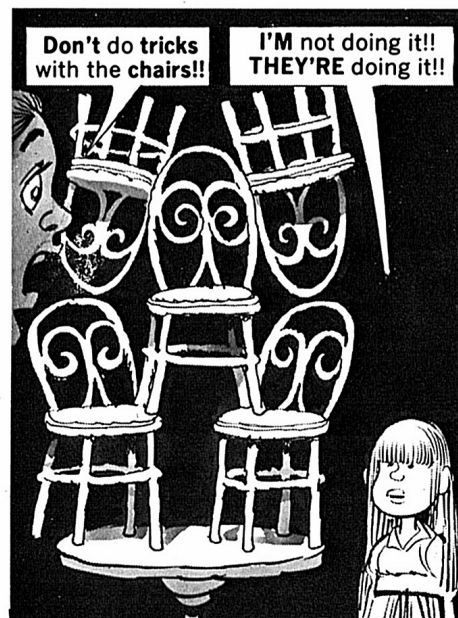
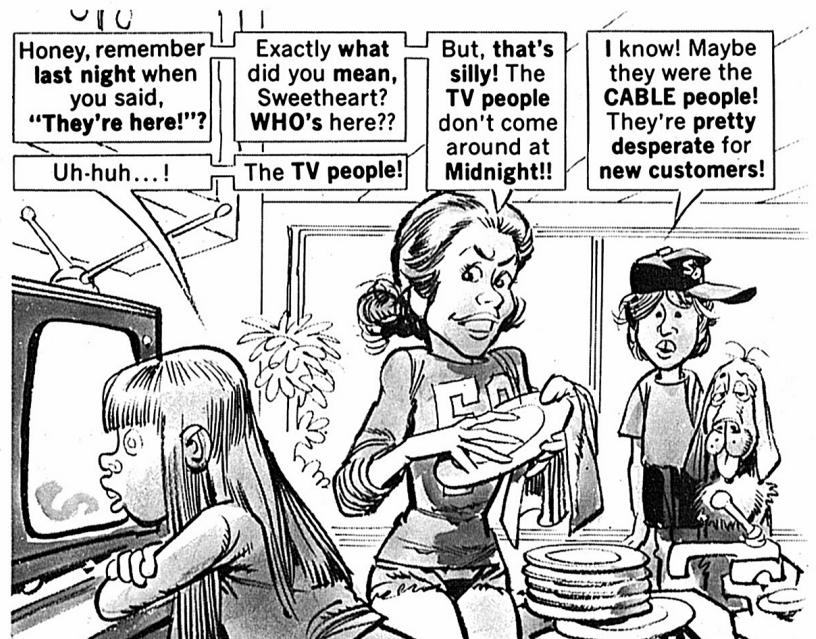
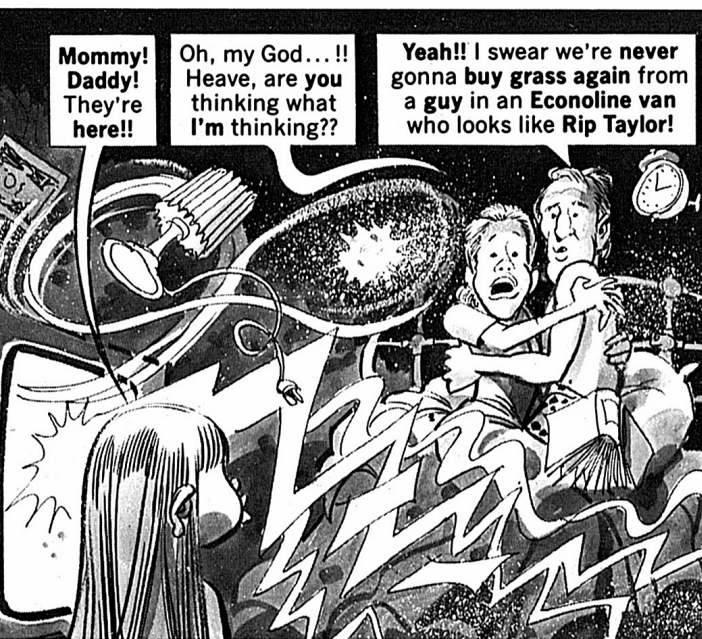
TRY GUISE



WRITER ARNIE KOGEN

ARTIST JACK DAVIS







Look...!! The tree is eating Blobbie ALIVE!!

Blobbie! Answer me! Are you okay...?

Dad, remember the expression, "Its bark is worse than its bite!"??

Yeah... It's not true in this case!

I may be crazy... but I'm gonna have to risk my neck and save the kid's life!!

Nahh! It's just that I can't bear the idea of going to a cocktail party and having to explain how my kid died... "Well, you see, my son was EATEN by this TREE...!"

You love him THAT much?!!

We saved BLOBBIE's life, but now CARO ANNE is missing!!

This is not one of our family's best days!! Caro Anne, where are you...?

My God! I've heard of a "CAPTIVE TV AUDIENCE"—but this is ridiculous!

Mommy... Mommy...

Here! Let ME try to tune her in...

She may be on Channel 5! They've got a LOT of Kiddie Shows!!

Maybe she's gone into syndication!

Maybe we should wait for the eleven o'clock news! She'll tell us where she is HERSELF!!

I knew we should have switched to cable! That way, we'd be able to pick up her picture a whole lot clearer...!

STOP IT!! All of you, STOP IT!!

Heave!! What are we going to do?! Our Caro Anne is stuck in the TV!

I think we better hurry up and think of something before she's "CANCELLED"!

What's the problem, Mr.?

Our daughter is stuck inside our television set!

Hmmm! Sounds real serious! It looks like I'm going to have to bring the set into the shop!

We're wasting our time with a TV repairman! We better call in some scientists!!

Hello! I'm Dr. Lush! These are my two associates! We're research scientists trained to investigate parapsychological phenomenon!

What does that mean in English?

We're a GHOST SWAT TEAM!!

Well, you came to the **right place!** We seem to be having some **disturbances** lately!

Like **what, f'rinstance...**?

Why don't we take a look at our **son's room...**



Hmmmm! Either this is **"the world's messiest room"** ...or we've got a major **"haunting"** on our hands!!

What we could be dealing with here is a **Poltergeist!**

Uh... what's a **POLTERGEIST...**?

It's your **standard movie "haunting"**—with about **eleven million dollars** in **"special effects"** scenes thrown in!!

...and in **THIS movie**, you never can tell **WHEN** they'll throw one of those scenes **IN...**!!

Please! Help us find our **daughter...**

Mommy! I'm **HERE...**!

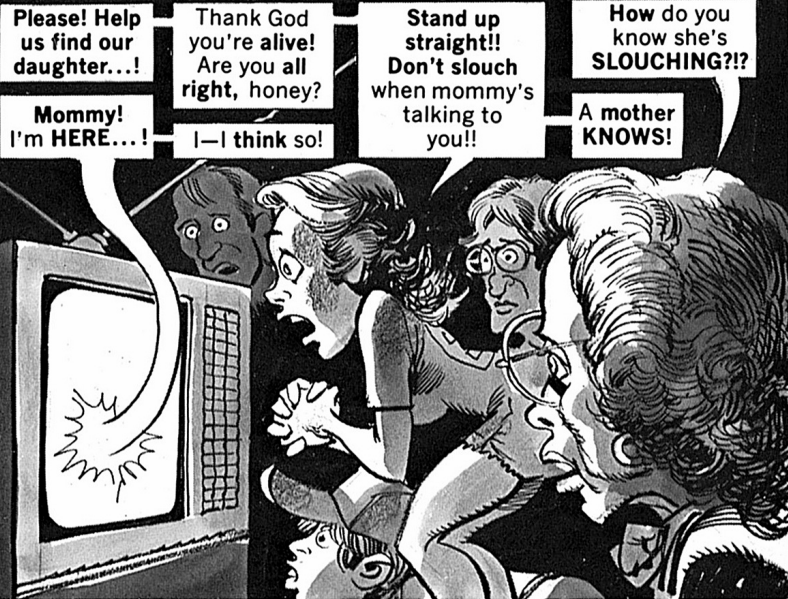
Thank God you're alive! Are you all right, honey?

I—I think so!

Stand up straight!! Don't slouch when mommy's talking to you!!

How do you know she's **SLOUCHING?!!**

A mother **KNOWS!**



Mommy didn't mean to yell at you, **Caro Anne...** but these have been very **tense times** for **Mommy** and me...!!

Hey, it's been **no picnic** for **ME**, either!

Of course! Uh—how are you **getting along** in there! Are you **eating well**?

Yes! I get my food from **"The Julia Childs Show"**!

Are you **learning anything**?

Yes! I'm **learning things** from **"Sesame Street"**!

Are you ...**having any fun**?

Yes! I keep getting **kissed** by a man named **Richard Dawson!**

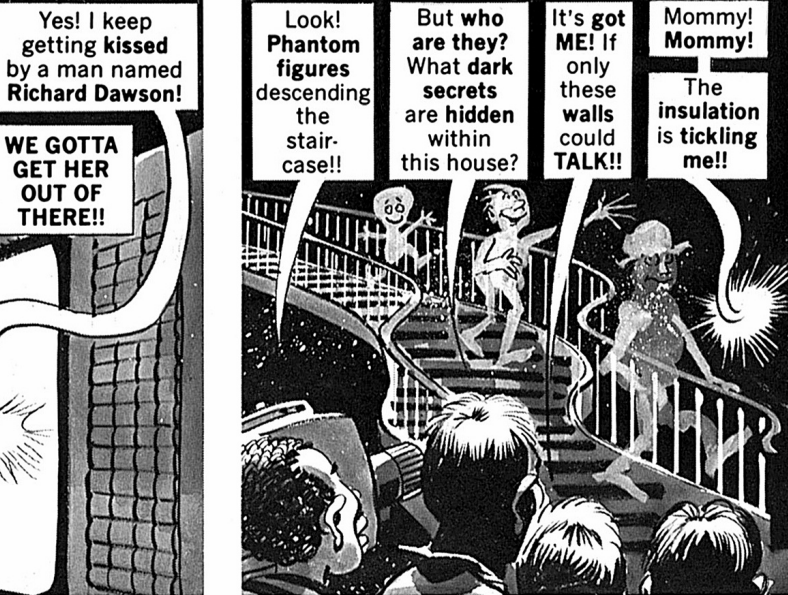
WE GOTTA GET HER OUT OF THERE!!

Look! **Phantom figures** descending the **stair-case!!**

But who are they? What **dark secrets** are hidden within this house?

It's got **ME!** If only these walls could **TALK!!**

Mommy! Mommy! The **insulation** is tickling me!!





My daughter is being held hostage by this house!! You must get her out!!

Mr. Feeling... it's beyond our research team! What you need is a **PSYCHIC!**

Money is no object! Get me the **BIGGEST** in the **BUSINESS!!**

Good evening! I am Bandina, the **Psychic!**

And I'm the best! I will "cleanse" this house of evil spirits! I will cleanse the rooms! I will cleanse the stairways! I will cleanse the attic! Now, where was your daughter last seen?

Sorry! At these prices, I don't cleanse windows!

YOUR'RE the **BIGGEST** in the business?

Well, she was trapped in the TV, but now she may have moved to the walls...or the windows!

Er... are you sure you know what you're doing?!

I have amazing skills! I am a **psychic**, a **seer**, a **clairvoyant**—and I can read minds! I know at all times what you're thinking!

Ooops! I—I'm sorry!

Too late!! I **HEARD** you thinking those "little people" jokes!!

You're thinking: "What side of the rainbow did **SHE** come from...?"

"She's lucky if she can read knees!"

Yes, I **AM** small! But I'm also very gifted! My size has never affected my skills at flushing out evil!!

Now... let me go through the house and find your missing daughter!

Caro Anne... ?? Where ARE youuuuuuuuu... ??

Not **THAT** house!!

Okay, here's the story! Your daughter is being held captive by a terrible force—a "beast"—that hovers up in her closet!

And there's no hope... ?

There **IS** hope! You must get me two tennis balls and some rope!

See, Honey? It's all going to work out!

My daughter disappears into the TV set! Then, a tiny clairvoyant tells us that "in order to bring her back," we have to fling **TENNIS BALLS** at some monster! And **YOU** say, "It's all going to work out!"???

Here we go! The tennis balls will clear a path through the light and confuse the beast!!

What's the score... ?

The beast is up two sets!!





SMELLS LIKE SCREAM SPIRIT DEPT.

The ODD COUPLE of the
UNDERWORLD

Spirew & Boney

in "Death Comes
for Us All!"

MAY 24TH,
2019.

4:18 PM.

SEVEN-TWENTY-FIVE
PLYMOUTH DRIVE...

...NOW ENTERING
THE FOYER...

PREVIOUS OWNERS REPORTED THE USUAL
ANOMALIES: FLICKERING LIGHTS, DOORS CLOSING
ON THEIR OWN, NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS AFRAID TO
RETRIEVE ERRANTLY THROWN FRISBEEES...

WHAT'S
THAT?!

OH, DOES THE \$600
MEAT THERMOMETER FROM
SHARPER IMAGE NOT TELL YOU?
BECAUSE HEAVEN FORBID A MAJOR
PURCHASE MADE WITHOUT CONSULTING
YOUR PARTNER TURN OUT TO BE
A HUGE WASTE OF MONEY!

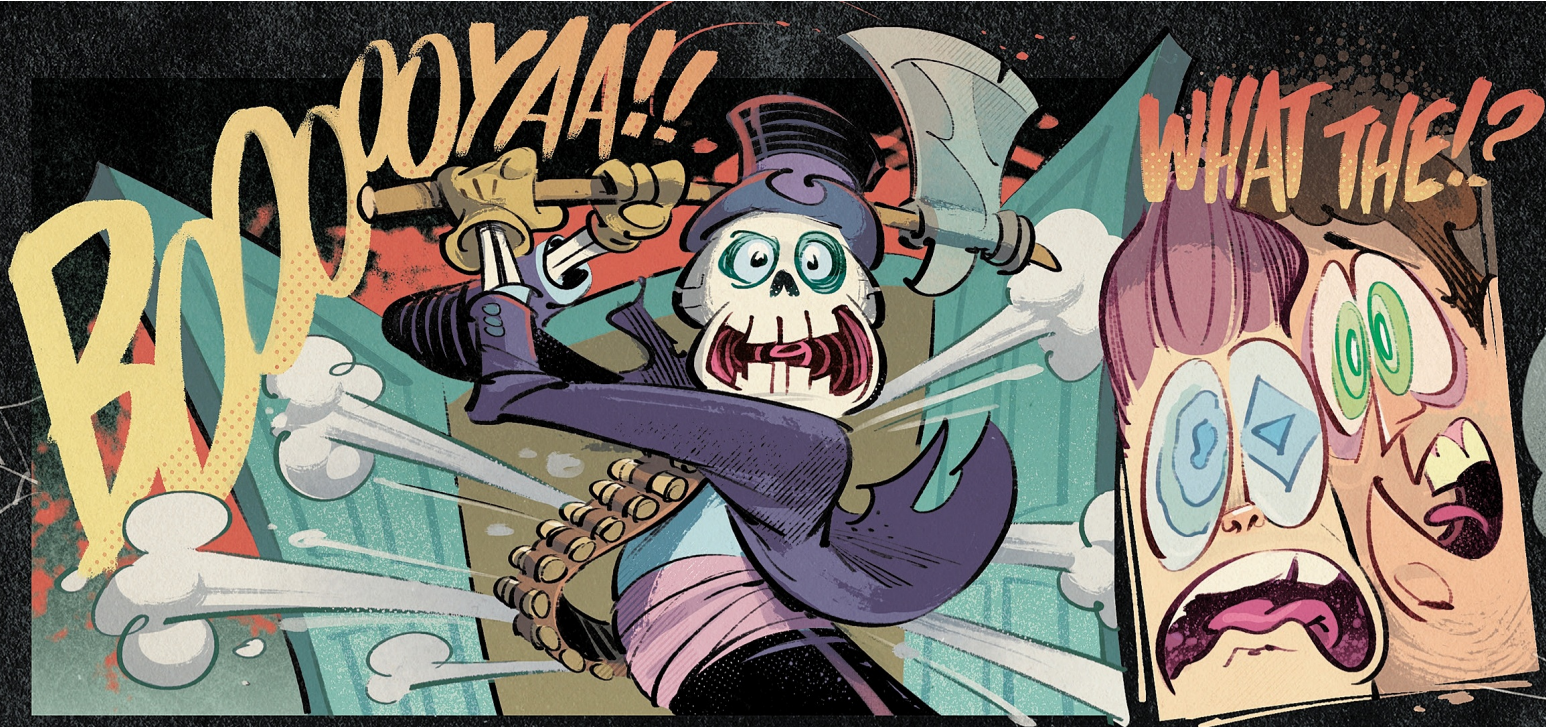
THIS IS A
PROFESSIONAL-GRADE
EMF METER AND IT
WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE
NOT TO HAVE IT!

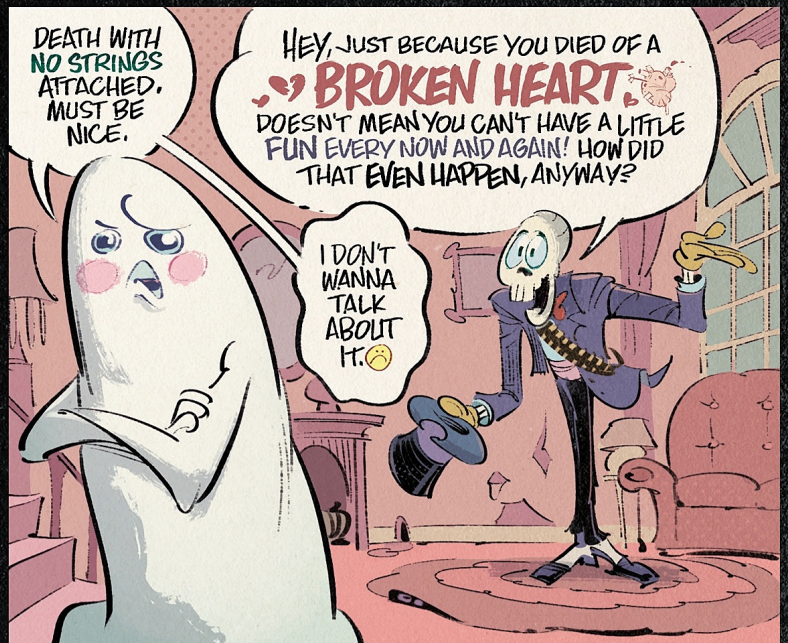
I THINK
IT'S COMING
FROM...

THAT
CLOCK...

THE SPIRIT IN QUESTION IS
INHABITING A GRANDFATHER
CLOCK AT THE NORTH END
OF THE HOUSE. MAKING
CONTACT NOW...

LET'S
SEE WHO
YOU ARE...

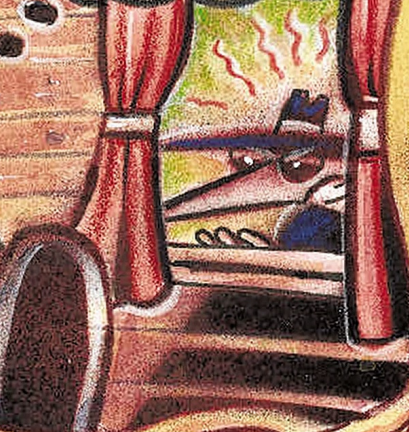
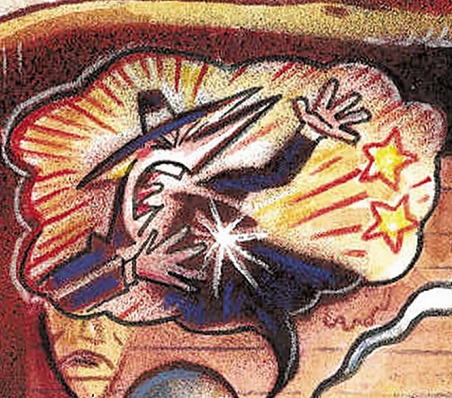




The End

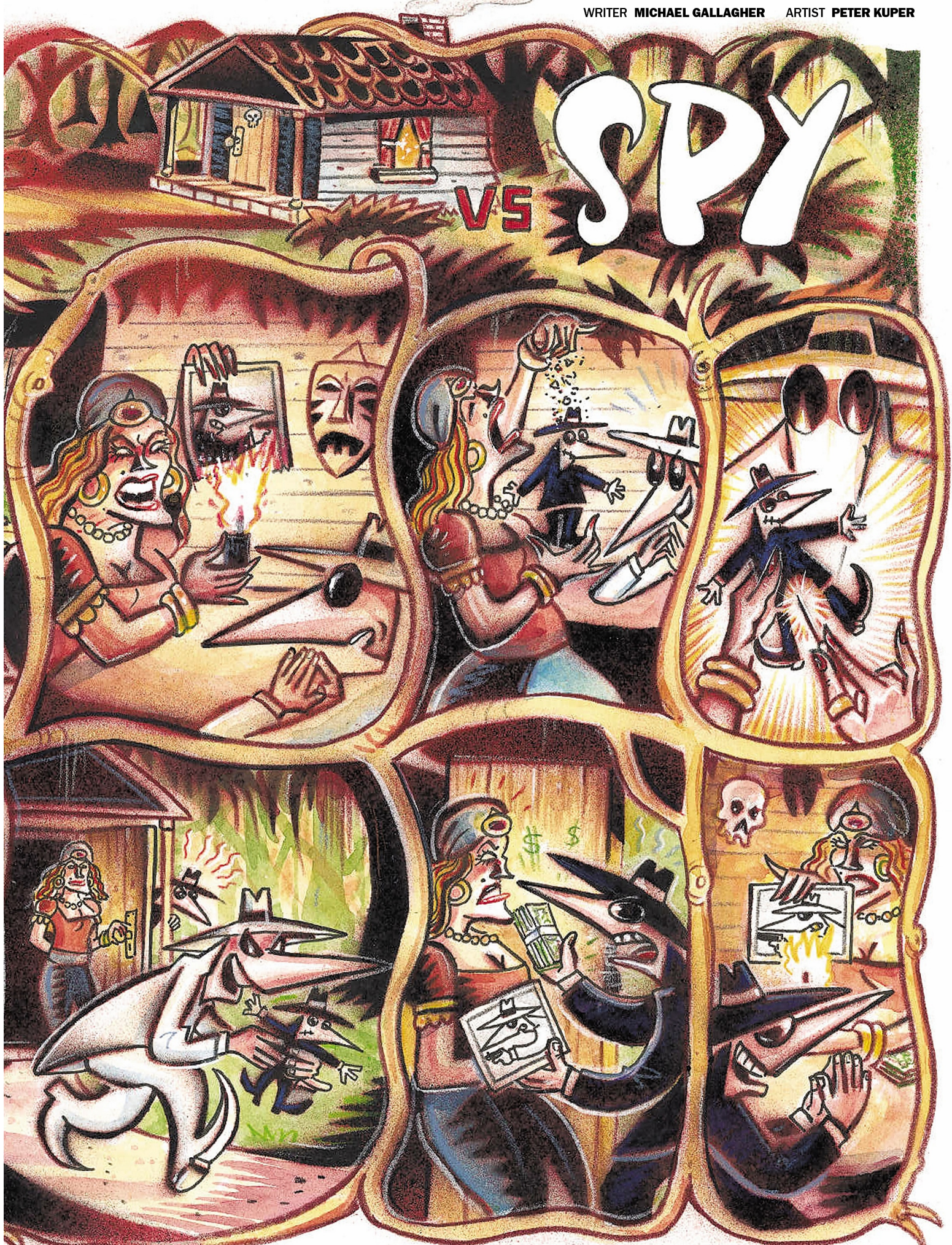


SPY



SPY

VS





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #406, JUN 2001





THERE'S A FRAUD IN YOUR FUTURE DEPT.

Hi, MAD reader's! I'm **Howard Gosell**, and I'm famous for **telling it like it is!** I deal only in **truth** and **reality!** Which is why **MAD Magazine**, in its ridiculous fashion, has chosen **me** to interview a man who deals in the **unbelievable** and **unreal world** of **Mysticism** and **The Occult!** His name is **Cosmo Mantra**, President of **Occult Enterprises!** He's...

MAD'S OCCULT PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

Mr. Mantra, you've made millions of dollars in Astrology... Mysticism... and Psychic Phenomenon! Tell us... what got you into The Occult?

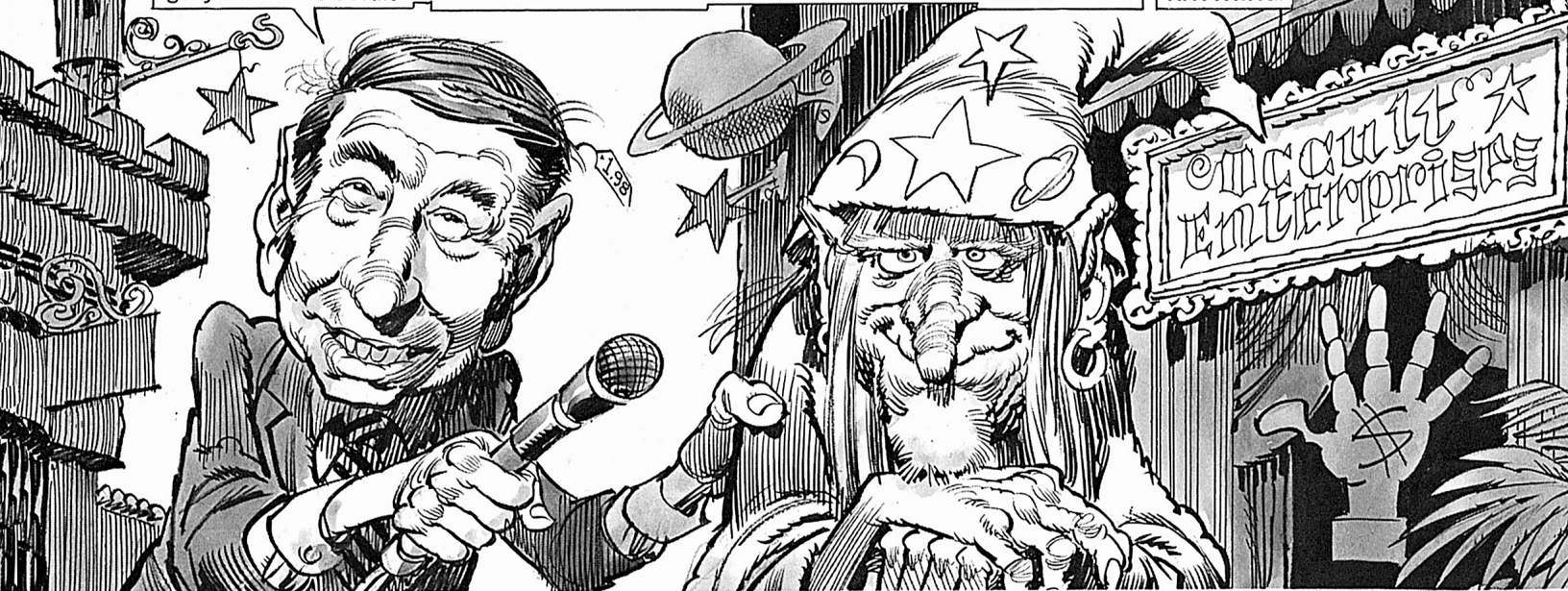
My fascination with the unknown, Howard! I never knew what a **FORTUNE** there is in this stuff!

But, what qualified you?

For years, I sold patent medicines and miracle-cure elixirs to the crowds at carnivals and sideshows!

And from that, you discovered the key to the mysteries of The Occult?

No... from that, I discovered that people will swallow **ANYTHING!**



Behold... our Séance Chamber! Through one of our Mediums, here a seeker can speak with loved ones who have crossed over to the Other Side!

You mean talk with the dead?!!

"Dead" is a no-no here, Howard! No one dies in The Occult! They simply **MOVE ON**... and leave a forwarding address!

Your departed husband will now speak... through me!

Harry... is that you?!!

This is Harry! I am speaking to you from the Hereafter!

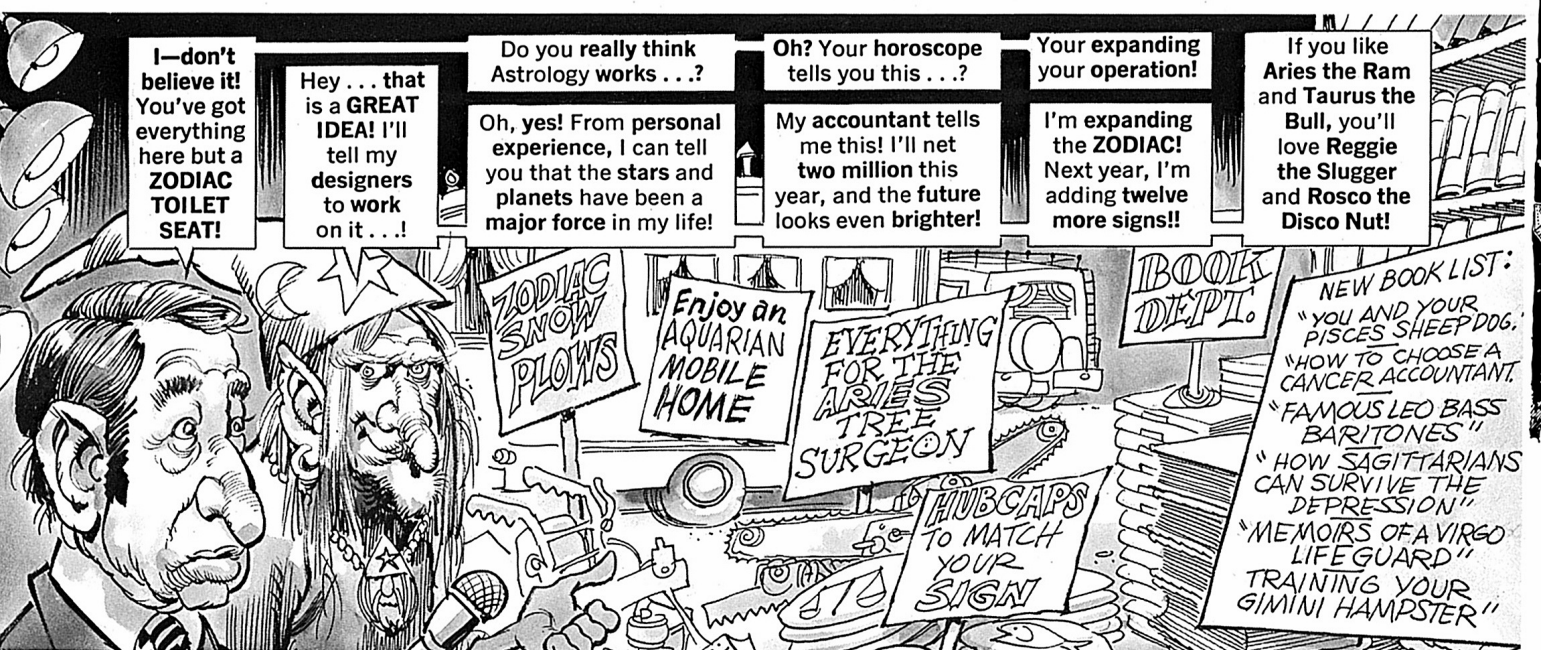
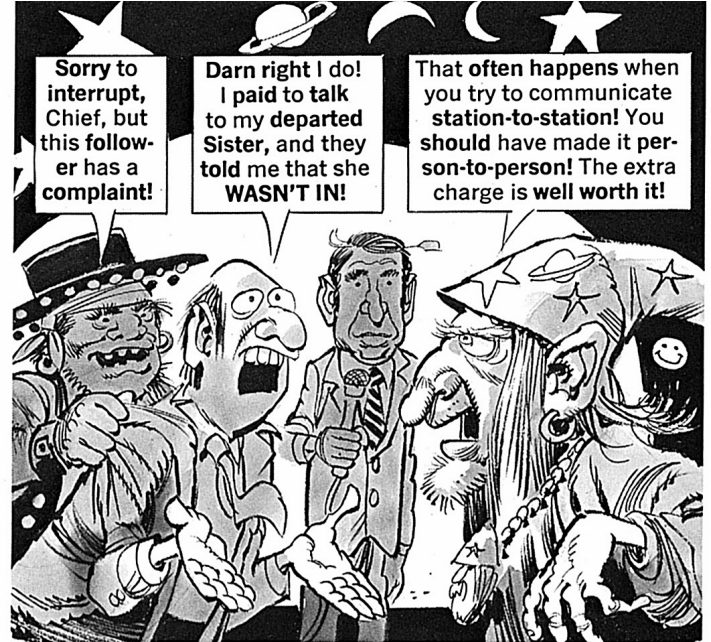
Are you happy, there, Harry?

Yes, except that everything is so expensive here! The robes—the wings—the harp!

How can I help?!

Donate half my insurance money to Occult Enterprises! They'll get it to me by Divine Messenger! Make it cash! They don't take checks here!!







Chief, a woman is on the phone, complaining about our **Daily Horoscope** in the newspaper!

What's her beef...?

She's a **Libra**, and her forecast today said to get out and meet people! But when she backed her car out of the driveway, she lost control—and smashed into a lamppost!

Tell her her car's a **Pisces**—and ITS forecast today was to **STAY HOME!**

And this, Howard, is our popular "**Reincarnation Room**"! We're having one of our weekly "**Come-As-You-Were**" Parties! Each paying guest is told who he was in a previous life!

That depends! A President like Lincoln or Washington costs \$1000! A lesser one like Martin Van Buren can be yours for \$250! Today's special is Moses for \$399... marked down from \$500!

No, he could only cough up \$150, so we made him **Moses's FRIEND!**

What do you charge to reveal someone's past life?

That must be the man over there in the white robe!

Who's that fellow at the piano!

He's the reincarnation of **Schubert**, composing his **Unfinished Symphony!**

But his playing is terrible! It sounds awful!

Now you know why Schubert left it **UNFINISHED!**

This woman is getting a psychic reading from one of our amazing **Tarot Card Readers!** The ancients were very big on Tarot Card reading!

Your name is **Jo Ann**, you were born in **Detroit** on **May 3rd, 1940**, your husband's name is **Max**, and you have a shaggy sheepdog named **Leroy!**

You're absolutely right! It's amazing!!

I'm impressed! It's as if you'd tapped that woman's phone, and you secretly went through her purse!!

The ancients were **ALSO** very big on **COVERING** themselves!

SEVEN!! **ELEVEN!!** **EIGHT!** **SIX!** **TWO!**

What are they doing in there, shooting craps??

No, they're **numerology** students, feeling the vibrations given out by numbers!

Are you trying to tell me we're affected by numbers?!

Each number has a deep, mystical connection with the universe! Take the year **1981**! The **1** stands for the individual, **9** is the number of holes on half a golf course, and **8** minus **1** is the number of **Snow White's dwarfs!** So—from this we can predict that half our golf courses will be overrun by bachelor dwarfs!

That's the silliest thing I've ever heard!!

Don't complain to me! Take it up with the universe!

How do people find out if they have any psychic powers?

Easy! Here in our **Psychic Workshop**, a seeker can consult with a **GP**... a **GENERAL PSYCHIC**!

How does it work?

The GP gets in touch with the seeker's psychic self by picking up vibrations from a cherished possession!

I see that the GP is holding the seeker's **BANKBOOK**! Will that tell a lot about him?

For our purposes... **EVERYTHING**! If the seeker is loaded... er... psychically speaking, that is... he'll be referred to a **SPECIALIST**!

He's being **CARESSSED** by that beautiful girl wearing a see-through gown...!

SHE's the specialist! She's getting in touch with his **PSYCHIC CENTER** through the art of **COSMIC TOUCH** and **SPIRITUAL MASSAGE**!

It doesn't look all that **SPIRITUAL**!

Each man must tap his psyche in his own way!!



Why is that **Palm-Reader** being thrown out of here??

He was my most trusted **Reader**! But now, we've stripped him of his sacred robe, and confiscated his **mandala**!

What did he do?

He committed the worst sin of all... the unforgivable, infamous deed I cannot allow!

He mentioned **SATAN**?

Worse! He predicted **BAD NEWS** for a cash customer!



Mr. Mantra, is it really possible to see into the future?

Of course! To the past, the present is the future! To the future, the present is the past! Therefore, if the present is both future and past, then we live in all dimensions simultaneously!

That makes absolutely **NO SENSE**, fellah! It requires people to suspend all reason and logical thought!

You're beginning to understand **The Occult**!



Tell me Sir... what do **YOU** believe in?!

That there are forces beyond our control that affect our lives!

You mean the stars? The planets?

I mean the meddlers who claim I'm bilking the public and want to close me down! Fortunately, I've stashed away my profits in **Swiss Banks**!

Why not invest in **stocks**... or **bonds**?

Are you kidding? Who knows what they'll be worth in six months?! Only an **IDIOT** would try to predict the future!

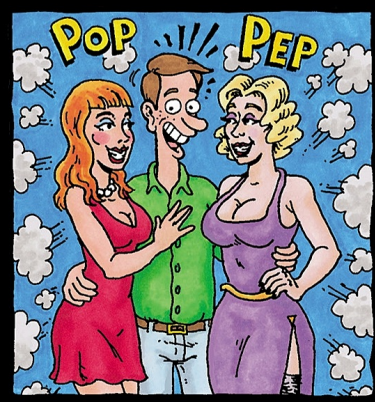


This is **Howard Gosell**, returning you to **MAD Magazine**...!!



HUMOUR WHILE YOU WAIT

"MONKEY'S PAW"



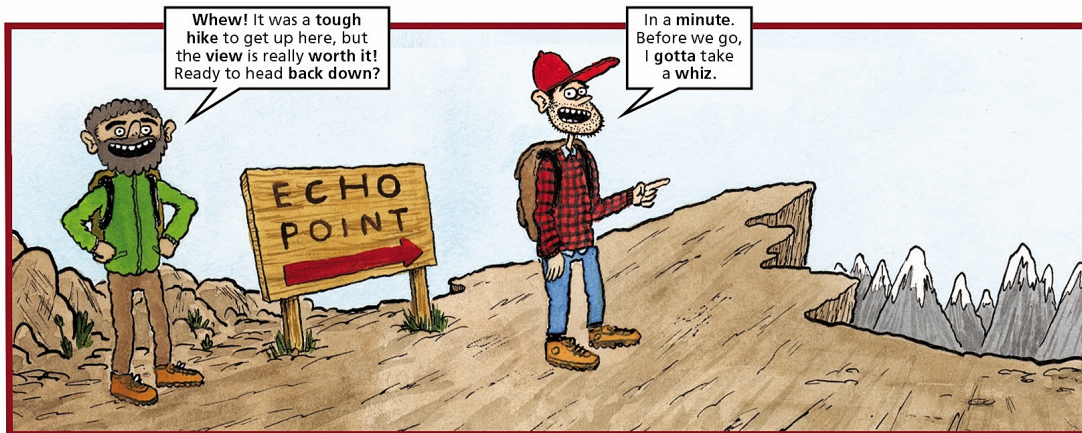


IT'S A WONDERFUL STRIFE DEPT.

THE HAUNTING LEGEND OF

ECHO POINT

WRITER **JOHN CALDWELL**
ARTIST **PHIL McANDREW**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #534, AUG 2015

CORRECTION: In last months MAD #26, we were ACTUAL idiots and mistakenly credited one of the original Usual Gang of Idiots, founding editor, Harvey Kurtzman with writing the copy in the reprinted excerpt on page 56, originally published in MAD #37, JAN 1958. Mr. Kurtzman had left MAD Magazine at that point in his career. So, it's still a MAD history mystery as to who wrote the piece.

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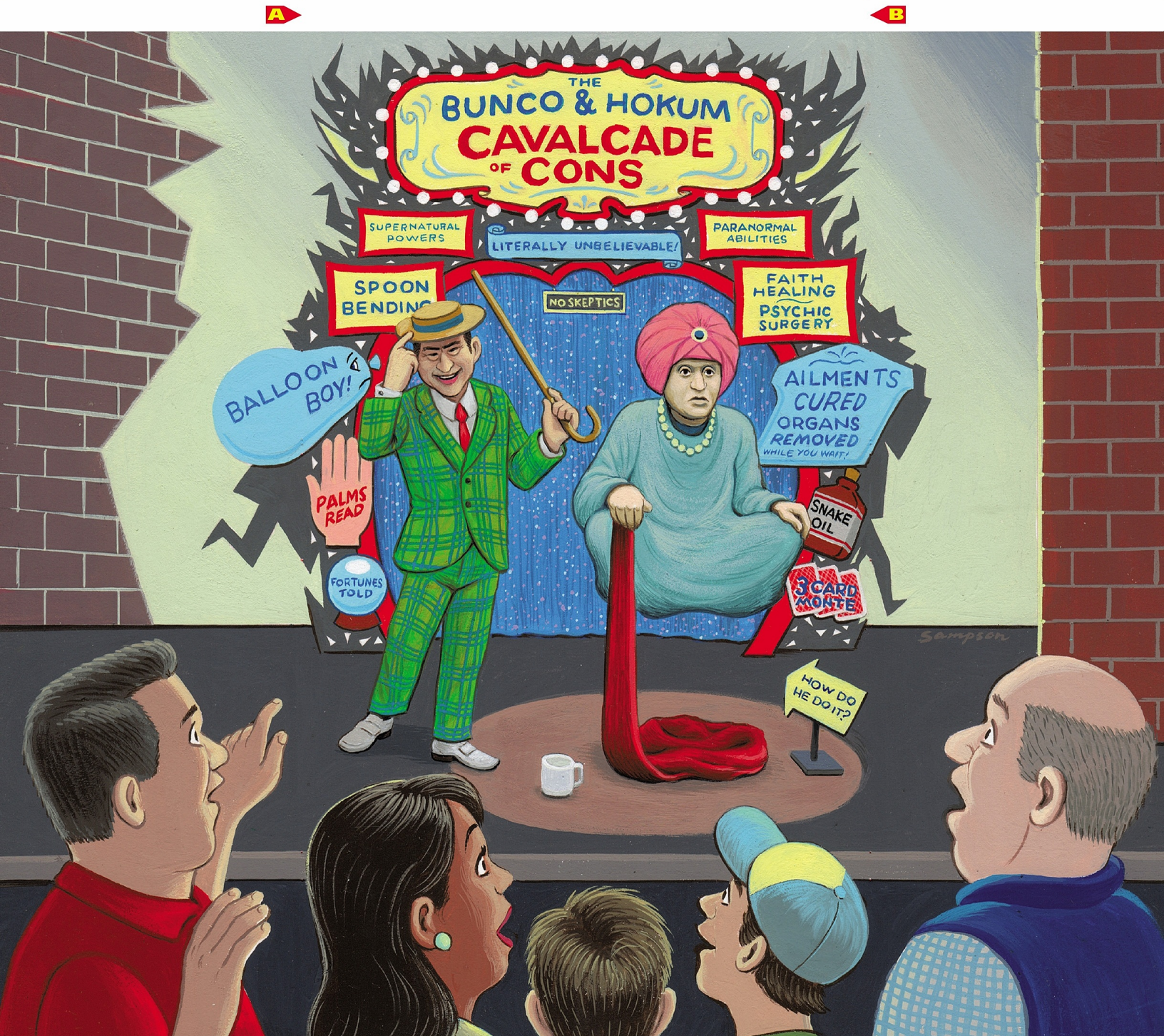
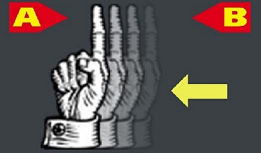
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WHAT DEBUNKED
PHENOMENON
DO PEOPLE STILL
EMPHATICALLY
BELIEVE IN?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW MAD FOLD-IN

Time and time again, people are duped by grifters, conmen, and hoaxers. Despite mountains of evidence disproving their implausible assertions, there's always a sucker who will take the bait. To see what ruse people are still falling for, fold in as shown on the right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



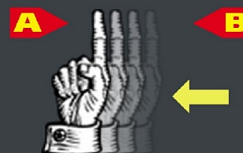
THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF CUNNING CHARLATANS WHO
VOICE THE MOST OUTLANDISH CLAIMS. YES, SOONER OR LATER
THEY ALL GET EXPOSED AS THE PHONIES THEY ARE, BUT
FRANKLY, IT DOES NOT MATTER—THESE DAYS, IF YOU'RE LOUD
ENOUGH, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO LISTEN TO YOU.

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WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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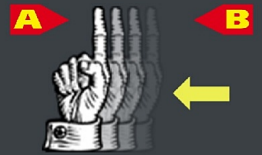
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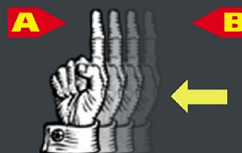
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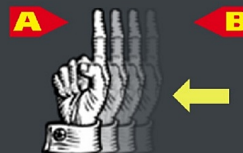
WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

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Time and time again, people are duped by gaffes, conmen, and
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SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



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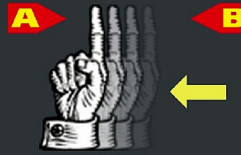
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WRITER & ARTIST: HENRY SAMPSON

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B

WHAT DEBUNKED
PHENOMENON
DO PEOPLE STILL
EMPHATICALLY
BELIEVE IN?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



VOTER

FRAUD

A B

"I'm always listening."



HELLFRASIER

If you thought there was nothing worth watching on Earth, see what's streaming below the surface!

Coming this fall and every fall to hell forever.

A MAD AD TV PARODY

WRITER PETER ZIMMERMANN

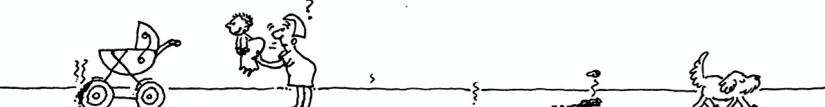
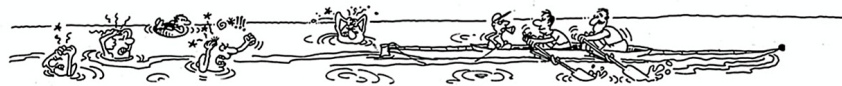
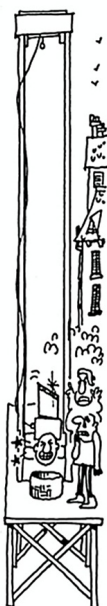
ARTIST JASON SEILER



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #10, DEC 2019

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

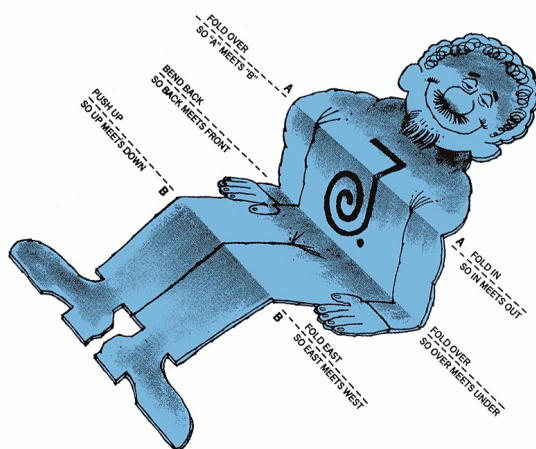
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

We couldn't conjure up a pair-a-normal kids, but we poke fun at the paranormal ones in MAD's TV parody "Strangely Thin." Exorcise your funny bone! From issue #548, December 2017.



Insightful Al Jaffee attempts to fold-in the ghouls who feel they must police the ghastly fumes of unisex public toilets. Published in MAD #543, February 2017.





EIGHTIES IS ENOUGH DEPT.

It's a story about a boy who goes missing, until he gets found. The first suspects you see are the ones who did it. Both of the love stories go nowhere. And the one character who can stop the monster takes her sweet time getting around to it, because if she did her badass routine in the first episode, it also would've been the last episode. The mystery is: where's the mystery? Take away the "spooky" filler, the enigmatic underwriting, and the dozens of in-your-face visual "allusions," and what's left of this popular Netflix show is ...

I'm Chief Dim Copper.

After my marriage fell apart, I went on a day-to-day drinking binge. It'll be nine years next Thursday!

I have plenty to drink about. Stalkins, Indiana is not a large town. The dating scene here is so grim I've been frisking and cuffing myself!

If I ever sober up, this monster mystery could be my greatest investigation ever. It's either this, or my hunt for whoever removes all the leaves from the trees every

October and dumps them on the ground! Last year, I came THISCLOSE to catching the bastard!

I'm Joyless Spiders. My son Wimp's sudden disappearance is just the latest bad news for our family. Do you know how hurtful it is to be considered the "white trash" in a town that just got paved roads last week? Most people in town think I'm crazy.

Crazy? ME, crazy? Crazy, ME? THEY'RE the ones who are ones who are crazy ones! They're all jealous because THEIR Christmas lights refuse to talk to them!

I'm Mike Weenie. These three guys are my best and only friends, Mucus, Wimp and Disgustin! Our four-way bond isn't just meaningful, it's convenient. The school bullies pound me on Mondays, Mucus on Tuesdays, Wimp on Wednesdays and Disgustin on Thursdays. I don't know what happens on Fridays...probably due to the concussions!

UNSECURED
TUNNEL
TO
SECRET
LAB

I'm Dr. Murky Terror, director of the top secret Neurological Investigative Center for Espionage, Killing, Interdimensional Terror and Torturing the Young, or NICEKITTY! This is my greatest experiment: E.T.leven! She's the only one who can mind-travel to the eerie realm called the "Downside-Up," and psionically link with the monster there. They're so in sync, she can even finish the monster's sentences. Which isn't that impressive, since it only has two sentences: "RRARRR," and "RRRAARRRR." But she's a girl of few words herself. Aren't you, sweetie?

Uh huh.

I'm Mr. Cluck, the audio-visual teacher. I teach these kids about today's cutting edge technology such as betamax VCRs, Super 8 cameras, ham radio, floppy disks, dot matrix printers, beepers, 8-track players and typewriter repair. These are the skills they'll use for the rest of their lives!

People see me, Namby-Pamby Weenie, and they think I'm just a prim goody two-shoes. But I have a dangerous side, too. When I took my college ACT test, I wasn't always careful about entirely filling in the answer sheet bubbles. Also, I used a number THREE pencil!

I'm Namby-Pamby's gloomy third wheel, Carb. I'm not entertained by this show's relentless spot-the-reference fan service. Somehow we overlook AIDS, Ethiopian famine, President Reagan and John Lennon and the Pope being shot, crack babies, and the Iran hostage crisis. Drink in that huggable '80s nostalgia!

STRAN TH

ANGELY IN

WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**

I am **NOT** thrilled by **Psychic Smurfette** joining our **clique**. At least with these three losers, I could **delude myself** into thinking I was the **cool one** of the **group**. Now I'm not even the one with **short hair**! I'm **skeptical** about **girls traveling solo** in the **woods**, ever since I read "**Little Red Riding Hood**"! Who'd think that being one of the **six black people** living in a **500-mile radius** could lead to **trust issues**?

Unlike **Mr. Cranky** over here, I'm an **optimist**! I **KNOW** we're going to defeat the **monster** by using the **greatest power** of all — **friendship**. But just in case, I'm bringing a **gun**! Eight years ago, my **parents** gave me this **magnetic compass**. And **someday** I will use it to **hunt** for two **other people** who've **disappeared**. My **parents**! The **compass** says **N-S-E-W**. I'm pretty sure that stands for **E.T.leven's daily diet**: **Ninety-Seven Eggo Waffles**!

Look at me **now**, while you **still can**! I'm about to **ride my bicycle** and get **grabbed** by a **carnivorous monstrosity**. But it's still safer than walking past the **Catholic church**! Oh, wait, this is the **1980s**, and (cough) "**nobody knew**." After my **disappearance**, **50 friends** and **neighbors** are going to **search** for me. But what **hurts** is that **80** of my **neighbors** will **search** for my **bicycle**!



I'm **Skeeve Hairsrealtall**. At first glance, I'm the **rich, smarmy a-hole** you see in all **1980s teen movies**. Also at **second, third, sixth and tenth glance**! But I'm really a **gentleman**. I always **hold a door open** for a **lady**. Fine, so it's the **stall door** whenever I follow **Namby-Pamby** into the **girls' room**! **Courtesy counts**!

Er, uh, **slouch, brood**, I'm **Wan-and-thin Spiders**. I **obsess** over **Steve's girlfriend Namby-Pamby**. Look at me! I'm the reason they invented **neighborhood watch lists**! I'm a **bedraggled loner, sullen stalker** and **Peeping Tom**. I'm **proud** to say that I've taken the **photographs** of every **girl** in the **senior class**. I'm **less proud** to admit that I did so from inside the **heating vent** of the **girls' locker room**!

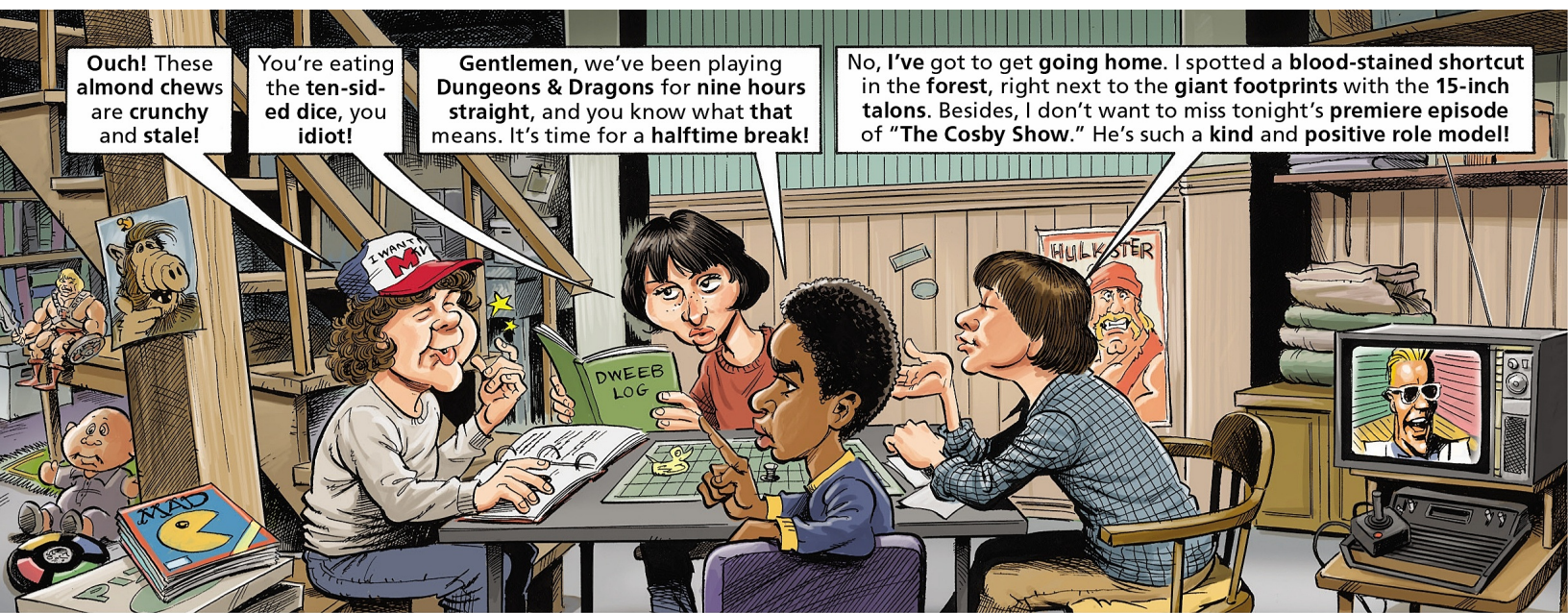
Some folks call me the **monster**. Some call me "**Demogorgon**." On my **tax form**, I put down "**Miles Ackerman**." I'm one of the **four most freakish, slimy creatures** of the **1980s**, along with the **Predator**, the **Alien** and **Jermaine Jackson**! After the **government** opened a **portal to earth**, I started **eating people**. Kind of makes you wonder what I ate **before** I had a **food source**! To **keep you from thinking** about that, please **enjoy** the constant **seizure-inducing light flickering**!

The show's creators say this isn't a **ripoff**, but an "**homage**" to the films of their **childhood**. Yeah, like how **BB-8** is an "**homage**" to **R2D2**!

E....T....phone...lawyer!

• JAWS ✕
• CLOSE ENCOUNTERS ✕
• E.T. ✕
• POLTERGEIST ✕
• GREMLINS ✕
• GOONIES ✕

ALLING
DEWEE
CHEAT
E...T...
PHONE

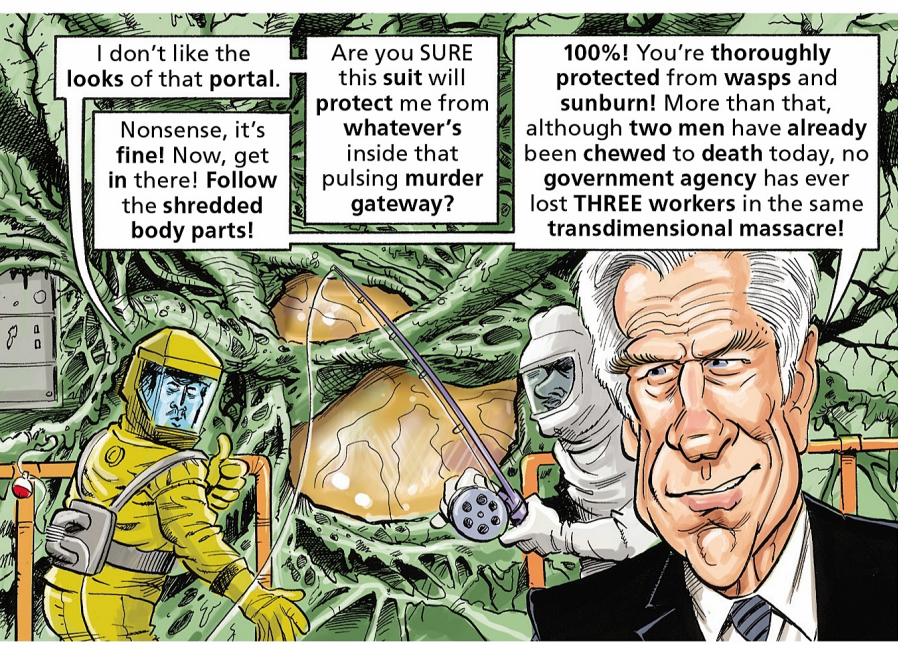


Ouch! These almond chews are crunchy and stale!

You're eating the ten-sided dice, you idiot!

Gentlemen, we've been playing Dungeons & Dragons for nine hours straight, and you know what that means. It's time for a halftime break!

No, I've got to get going home. I spotted a blood-stained shortcut in the forest, right next to the giant footprints with the 15-inch talons. Besides, I don't want to miss tonight's premiere episode of "The Cosby Show." He's such a kind and positive role model!

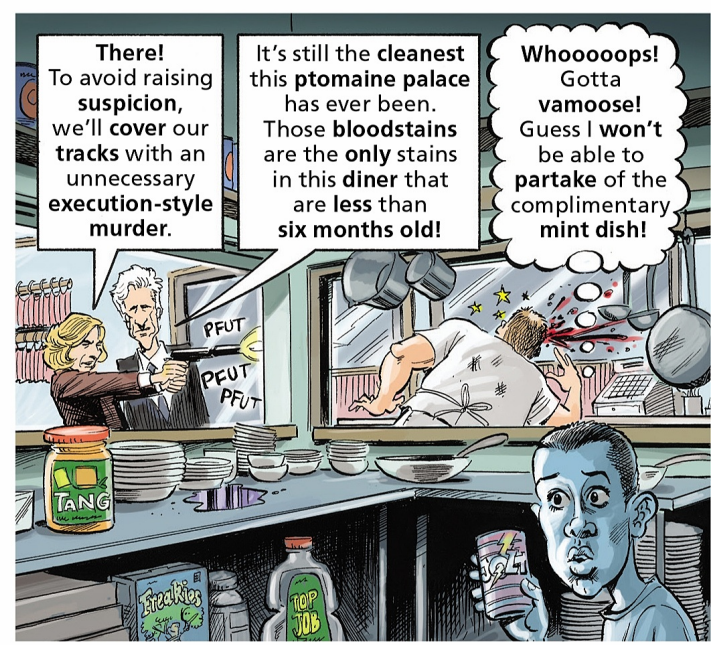


I don't like the looks of that portal.

Nonsense, it's fine! Now, get in there! Follow the shredded body parts!

Are you SURE this suit will protect me from whatever's inside that pulsing murder gateway?

100%! You're thoroughly protected from wasps and sunburn! More than that, although two men have already been chewed to death today, no government agency has ever lost THREE workers in the same transdimensional massacre!



There! To avoid raising suspicion, we'll cover our tracks with an unnecessary execution-style murder.

It's still the cleanest this ptomaine palace has ever been. Those bloodstains are the only stains in this diner that are less than six months old!

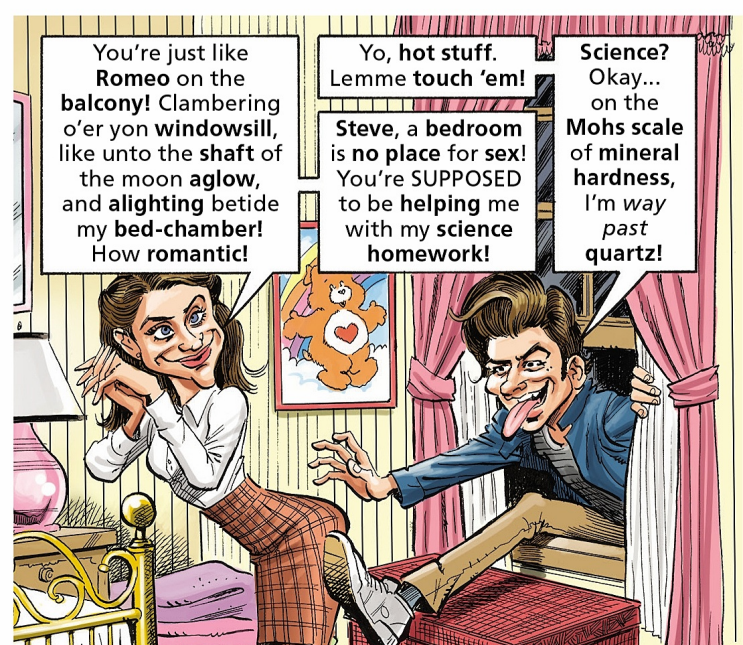
Whooooops! Gotta vamoose! Guess I won't be able to partake of the complimentary mint dish!



Fact. Your boy has gone missing. Fact. At the same time, a bald girl walks into the diner. Fact. One kid vanishes as one kid appears. Conclusion. The boy shaved his head and swapped genders. Boom! Two cases solved! Where's my vodka?

The case is NOT solved! Wimp is still missing, and I'm 11% more frantic than usual!

Stay calm. We will return Wimp home safely to you. That is a guarantee. In the meantime, though, did you happen to bring his dental records?

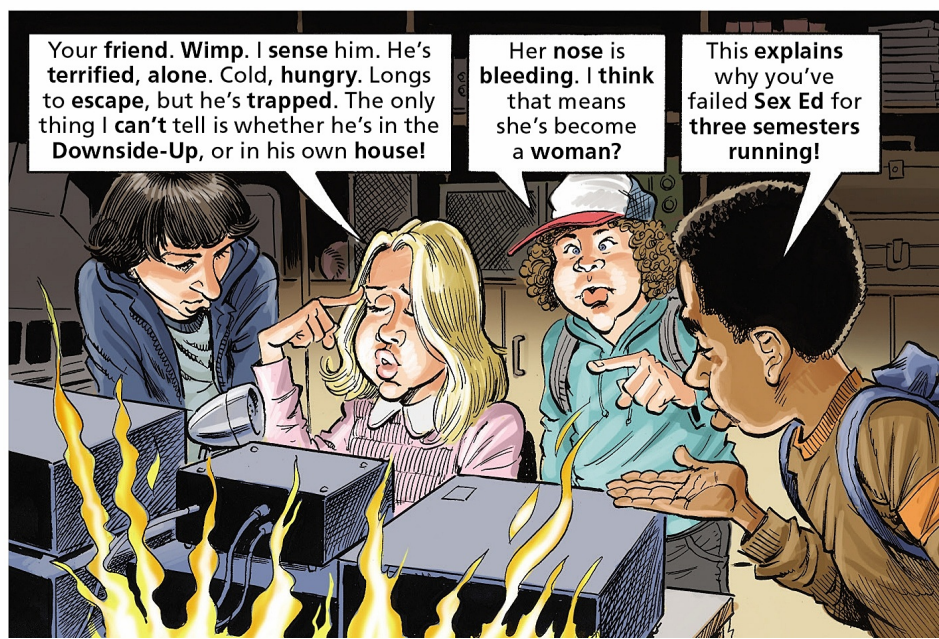
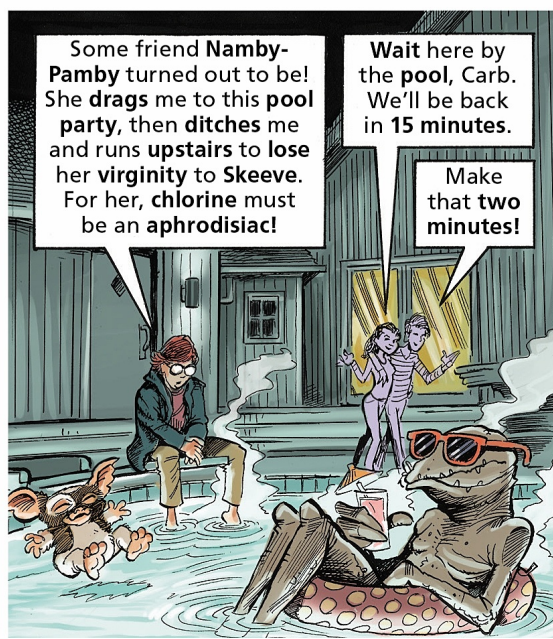
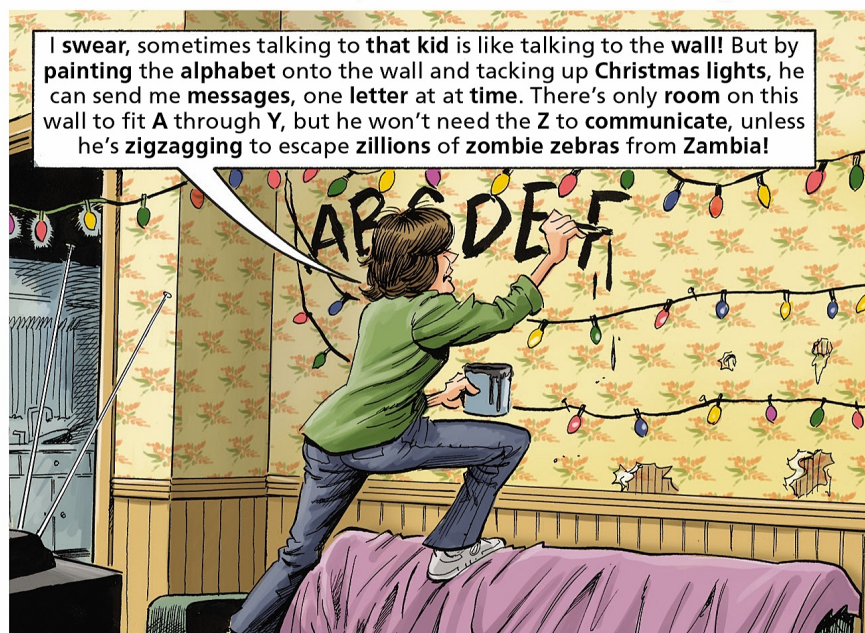


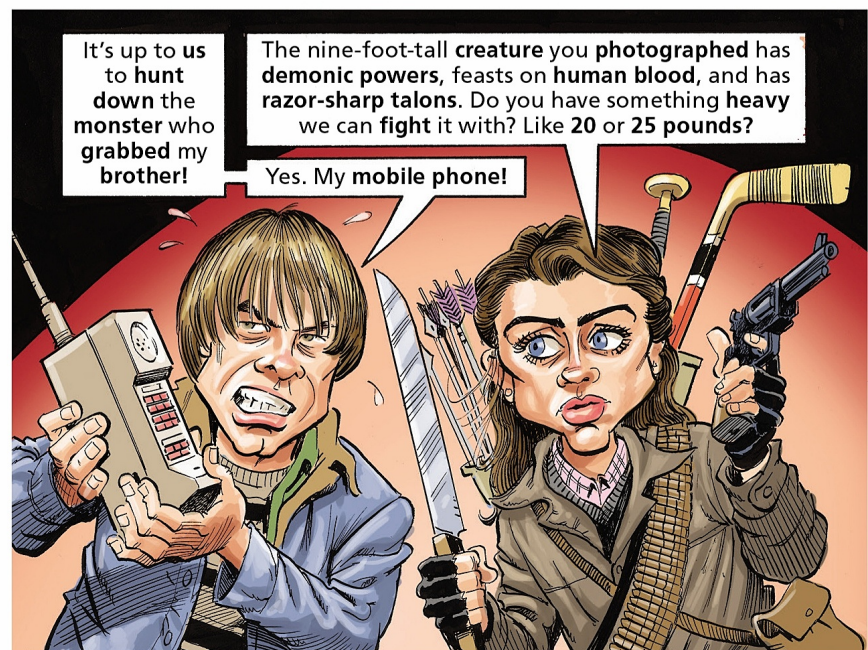
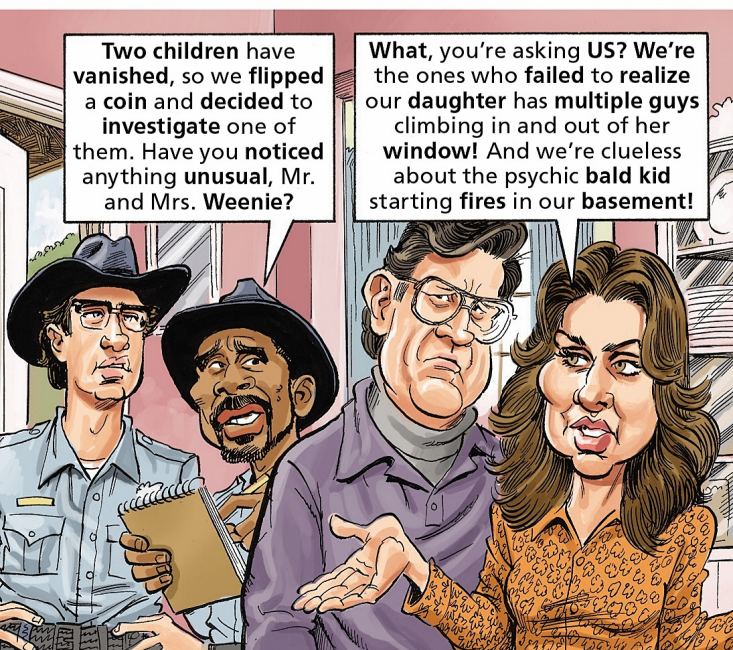
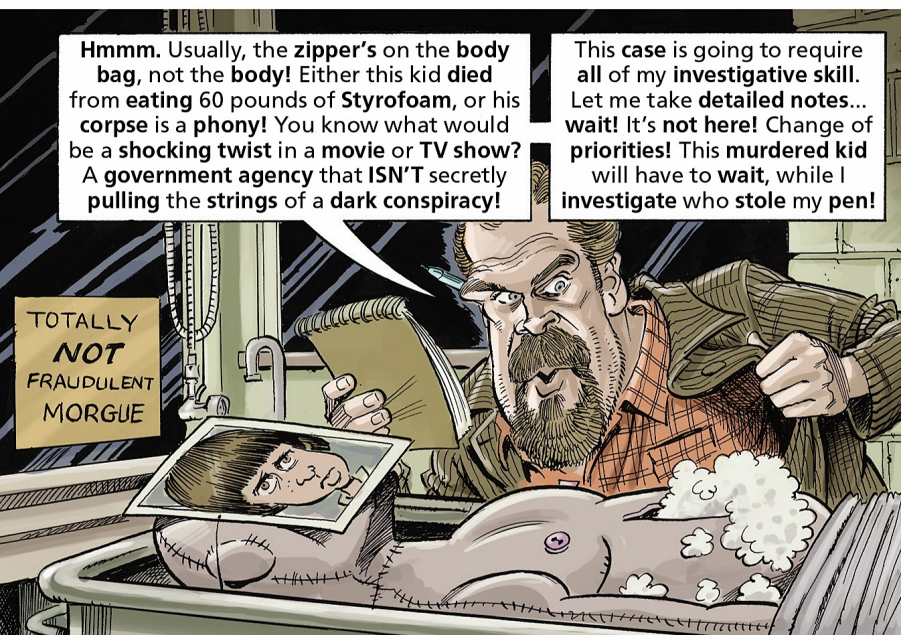
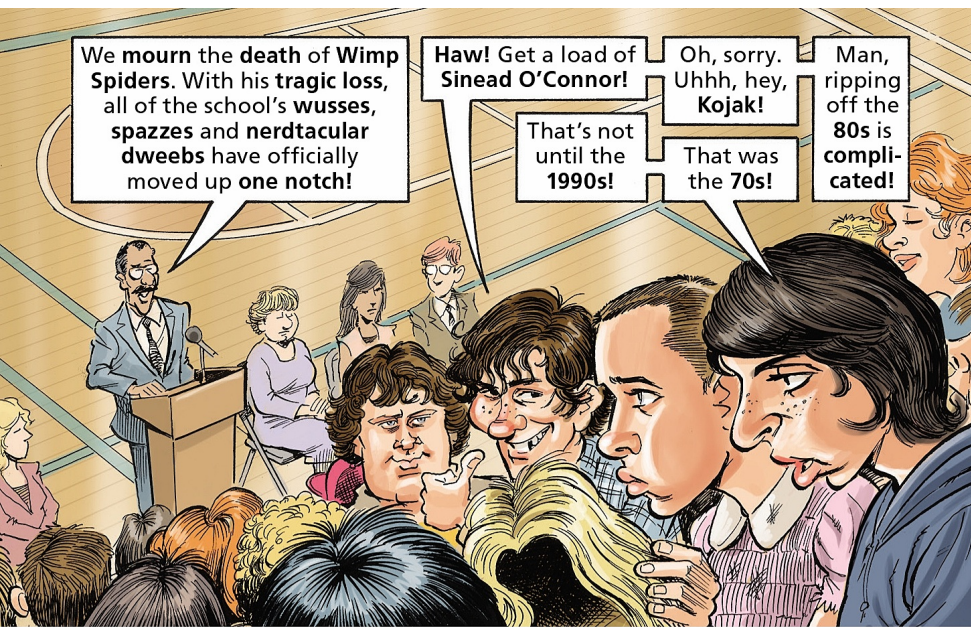
You're just like Romeo on the balcony! Clambering o'er yon windowsill, like unto the shaft of the moon aglow, and alighting betide my bed-chamber! How romantic!

Yo, hot stuff. Lemme touch 'em! Steve, a bedroom is no place for sex! You're SUPPOSED to be helping me with my science homework!

Science? Okay... on the Mohs scale of mineral hardness, I'm way past quartz!









Let me explain how the theoretical "Downside-Up" dimension might work. I'll just use this new mint copy of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* #1. It'll never be worth anything! Pretend this comic is our universe. If you bend it like this, and make a hole, you create a doorway. One catch. You'd need a ballpoint pen the size of Nebraska! The Downside-Up is just one of 4,095,170,224,671 possible parallel universes. I'm just hoping against hope that maybe, conceivably, my mustache might be considered a turn-on in one of them!

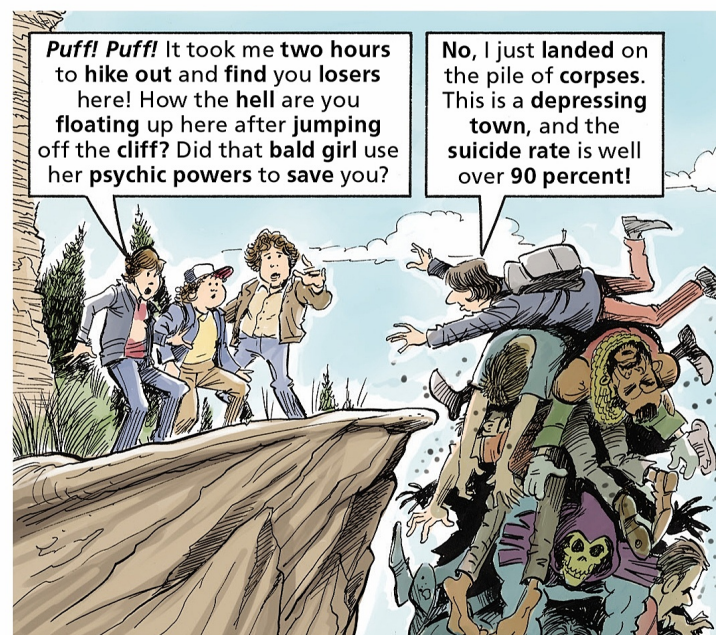
It still makes more logical sense than when our Economics teacher tried to explain Reaganomics!



I'm a little nervous about crawling through this secret entrance to reach a gloomy, terrible place where hope is dead and human life has no value.

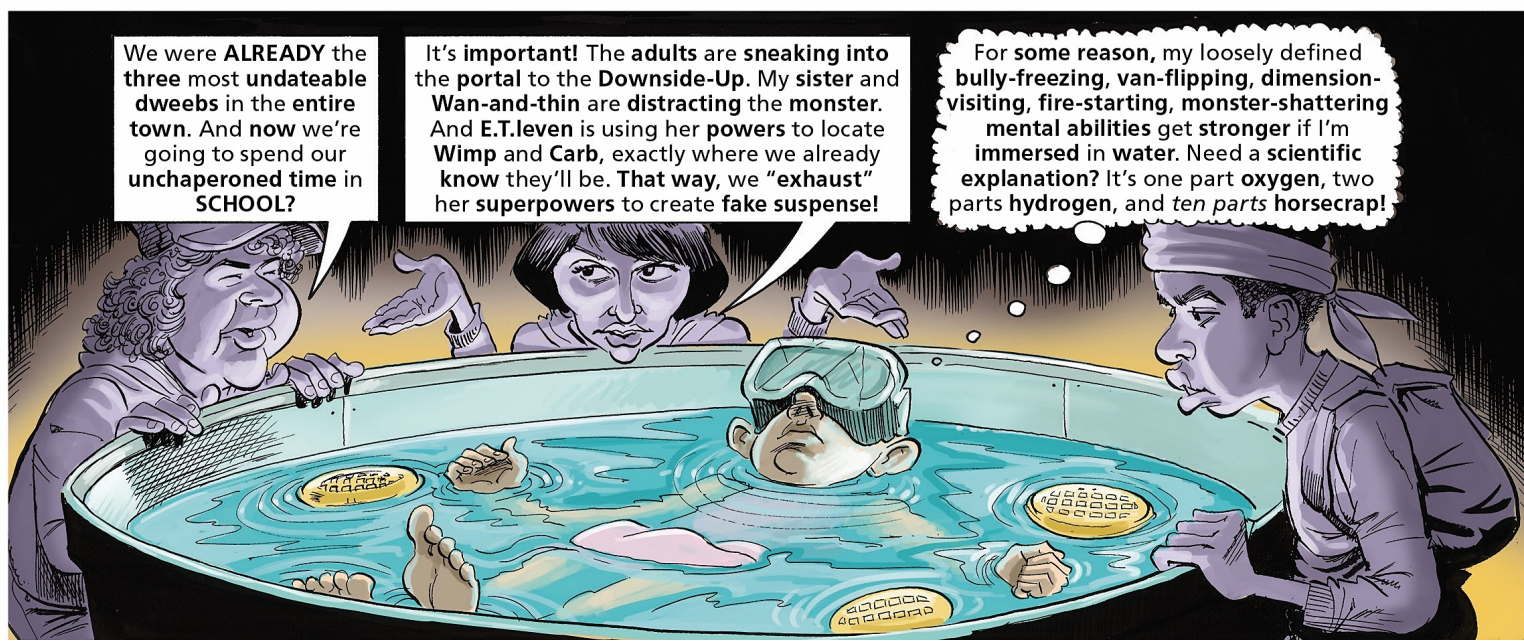
That's a coincidence. We say the same thing about your town!

If you think the Downside-Up is horrible, try being permanently trapped in the Friend Zone!



Puff! Puff! It took me two hours to hike out and find you losers here! How the hell are you floating up here after jumping off the cliff? Did that bald girl use her psychic powers to save you?

No, I just landed on the pile of corpses. This is a depressing town, and the suicide rate is well over 90 percent!



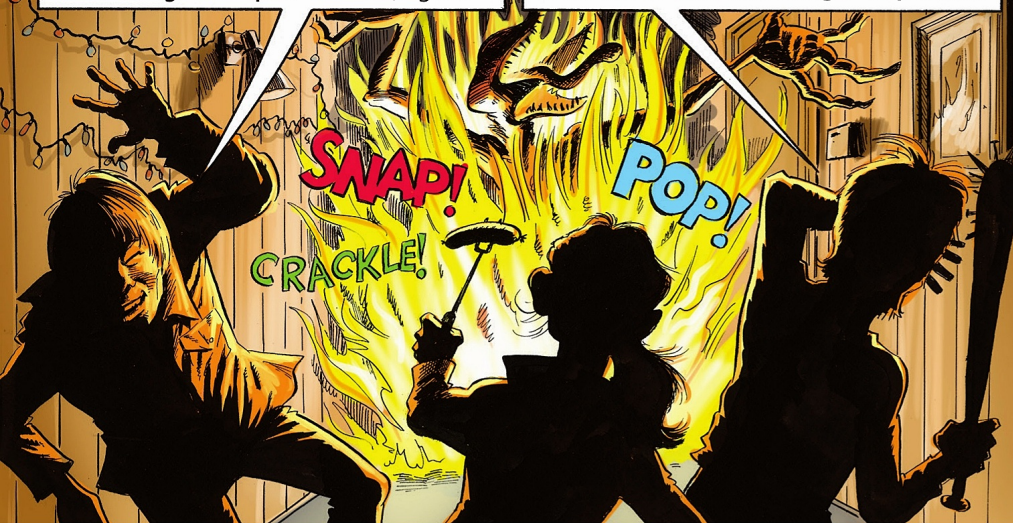
We were **ALREADY** the three most undateable dweebs in the entire town. And now we're going to spend our unchaperoned time in **SCHOOL**?

It's important! The adults are sneaking into the portal to the Downside-Up. My sister and Wan-and-thin are distracting the monster. And E.T. I even is using her powers to locate Wimp and Carb, exactly where we already know they'll be. That way, we "exhaust" her superpowers to create fake suspense!

For some reason, my loosely defined bully-freezing, van-flipping, dimension-visiting, fire-starting, monster-shattering mental abilities get stronger if I'm immersed in water. Need a scientific explanation? It's one part oxygen, two parts hydrogen, and ten parts horseshit!

Ha HA! It **WORKED!** We tricked the **unkillable, ravenous hellbeast** into coming into the house! Where I live! Er... whose **ingenious plan** was this, again?

We've shot him full of bullets, we've **bludgeoned** his skull, and we've set him on fire. Now it's time to finish the job. **Quick!** Get a can of Coke and a bag of Pop Rocks!



I needed this. To make me more accepting of my imminent death.

Smooch! Bam! Now, in one emotion-imprinting instant, I've united the fear of separation, a yen for unattainable relationships, AND a fetish for bald chicks! Some **psychiatrist** out there is about to make \$200,000!



If this really were an '80s movie, E.T. even would pin you against the chalkboard and say, "You're erased." Or "Class dismissed." But for a scene where a **90-pound girl kills an eight-foot armored monstrosity** by winning a staring contest, it's better if we treat it realistically!

Kill me? Oh, good. I was afraid you were going to make me pee myself!

No one will ever believe this happened! Unless, of course, they happen to notice that the entire room is coated with monster chunks and girl guts!



This is like being on the inside of one of **Keith Richards' lungs**. But it's still nicer than my apartment.

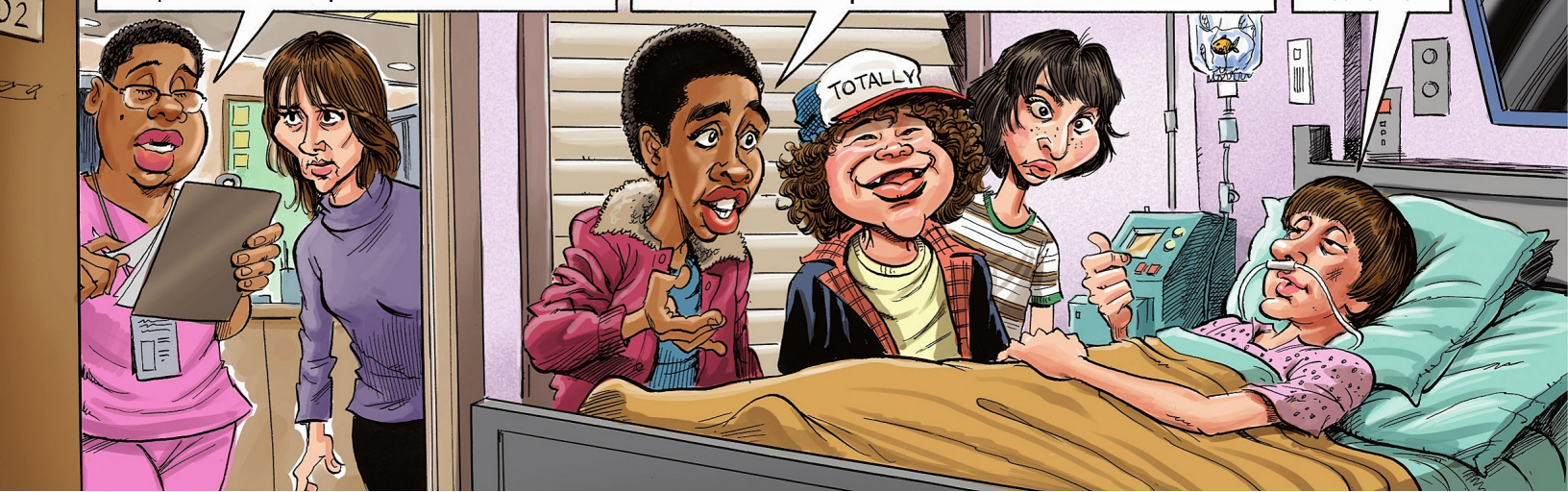
Speak to me, Wimp! Speak to me! Oh sure, the kid talks to Christmas lights and walls, but to his mother's face, suddenly he's got nothing to say!



Your son has made a remarkable recovery. A little **dehydration**, a few scratches and bruises, and a yard-long devil slug that impregnated his larynx. But until he's fully healthy, it's best to only offer cryptic, underexplained hints that set up "unanswered questions" for Season Two!

You missed everything! There were ten murders, and Mike kissed a girl, and they held a fake funeral for your fake body, and a monster broke into your house, and the U.S. Army invaded the school, and there was an electromagnetic tear in the space-time continuum that created multiple doorways to a downside-up dimension of indescribable horror!

Hold it. You're telling me Mike kissed a girl? Total bullsh*t!



WHAT GENDER-BASED
CHANGE ARE
MANY AMERICANS
STUBBORNLY
REFUSING TO ACCEPT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER **MAD FOLD-IN**

Some people have trouble getting used to change. It's like their number one priority is to stubbornly hold on to the past. It's spooky, but it's something people just refuse to hold in. The sad truth is, life is going to move on with or without them, so they need to stop complaining and give up the ghost.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

TARGET



FEMALES FEAR PUBLIC RESTROOMS. THEY HEAR OF
GHASTLY THINGS HAPPENING IN THERE. BUT MOST-
LY IT'S IN THEIR IMAGINATIONS. THE WORST
BUSINESS IS TELLING ALL THIS TO NEWS REPORTERS

A

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

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B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

TARGET

OUR RESTROOMS
OPEN TO ALL



Keep Boys
OUT OF
Girl's Rooms!

MACHO
MAN

NO BIRTH
CERTIFICATE,
NO
TOILET!

I'M a BATHROOM
Voter!

KEEP NORTH CAROLINA
RESTROOMS SAFE!

FEMALES FEAR PUBLIC RESTROOMS. THEY HEAR OF
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WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

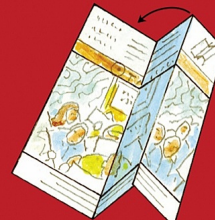
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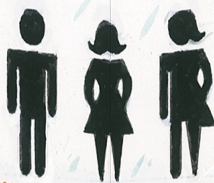
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MAN

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NO
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Voter!

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WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

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FOR MORE MAD FOLD-INS



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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OPEN TO ALL

Keep Boys
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MACHO
MAN
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I'M a Bathroom
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RESTROOMS SAFE!



**FEMALES
GH
BUS
MOST-
TERS**

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WRITER AND ARTIST: JILL WELLES

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A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**FEMALE
GHOST-**

BUSTERS



MAD



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

